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THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Professor Garner, who has undertaken to act as envoy extraordinary and minister intermediary between us and the monkey world, writes from Sierra Leone that he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and is already the proud possessor of a chimpanzee that can say "Good day, Stranger," in Maori; and a female orang-outang who has picked up "Thunder and lightning" from the German. These, however, are acquisitions within the reach of the parrot. What is much more satisfactory is that he has "got written down nearly two hundred monkey words." As the Professor elsewhere tells us that the whole simian vocabulary is limited to twenty or thirty, this success, indeed, is little short of miraculous. These words he is obliged to spell phonetically, as at present he has not discovered how the monkeys spell them. Very different from our own language, in the mouths of our platform orators, where the same thing is said twenty times over in various words, the same word is made by the simians to do duty for many different things. "Achru," for example, meaning sun, fire, and warmth; "goshku," food, as well as the act of eating; while water, rain, cold, and everything disagreeable is expressed by "kutchu," as though they were things to be sneezed at. The chimpanzee is the chief conversationalist of the monkey race, and the Professor is sending us phonograms of his remarks. The unfortunate animal little knows that his artless prattle is being recorded for the edification of London drawing-rooms. All this is very interesting, if true; but one cannot help regretting that the Professor, instead of this distant missionary enterprise, had not turned his talents as an interpreter to matters nearer home, and found out for us what our dogs and cats say to one another—for that they do have some method of colloquial communication is almost certain. There was once a song composed which pretended to translate the language of cats; it contained an amorous invitation to "come over the wall," I remember, and a refusal in swear-words, which expressed the obstacle, "Spikes, spikes, spikes!" But this, of course, was not a serious attempt to bridge the dialectic gulf between pretty puss and humanity. For my part, I would much rather learn what my dog Tray (evidently) wishes to say to me, but cannot, than have the simian dialect explained to me, for, except on Sundays and with a Zoological ticket for my card of introduction, I do not cultivate simian society.

Though in old times animals discoursed upon special occasions and under ecclesiastical influence, there seems to have been no attempt made to understand their ordinary language. On the other hand, they were often taught our own. Cardinal Ascanio—let us hope in satire upon lip-service, for otherwise it was (especially in a Cardinal) a most disrespectful thing to do—taught a parrot to repeat the Apostles' Creed in Latin, verbatim. At the King of Spain's Court a baboon learned to play the guitar, and presumably, since the voice is its natural accompaniment, to sing to it. Whether birds confabulate can be only a question to those who have not watched them as they "cheep and twitter their twenty million loves" or shrilly quarrel (like ourselves) over a straw. A citizen of Rome, who probably took little interest in the philological question, taught two crows to salute either Augustus or Antony, according to which should enter Rome as conqueror. The former was so delighted with the "*Salve Augustus, victor, Imperator*" of the bird as it clung to its owner's wrist that he gave twenty thousand deniers for it. The prudent citizen went home and wrung the other crow's neck before he could say Jack—I mean "*Salve Antonius*," to anybody.

Accomplished young ladies are now, we are told, earning good salaries by coaching "society women" on the topics of the day, the new books that are being talked of, the new works of art demanding attention, and other interesting novelties on much more serious lines; such as Theosophy, I suppose, and hypnotism. That this industry is calculated to supply an obvious void is certain. A friend of mine was sitting beside two ladies the other night at the Lyceum, and was very much struck by their conversation: it was rather loud, which proved them to belong to the best circles; and "forced itself upon his ear," as the voices of Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell forced themselves on that of Mrs. Cluppins. They were under the impression, it seemed, that they had come to see "Henry VIII." performed instead of "Becket," and not only came with it, but carried it away with them. One is afraid there is a good deal of ignorance about things in which we nevertheless affect to take an interest, and that it is by no means confined to playgoers. Still, the question that moves me in this matter is a personal one. Could not these "accomplished young ladies" be induced—I do not say "for love or money," but by some adequate consideration of any kind—to come and coach me? It is not, alas! that I am ignorant of the topics they have, no doubt, at their fingers' ends, but that I read so much too much about them. There is Ibsen, for example, and his blessed plays. I have no opinion to offer upon the subject, but I read so very much more about it than I want to read. Rival dramatic critics fill whole columns with it. They evince a noble enthusiasm for

Ibsen or as noble an indignation against him, which would be extravagant if applied to another Shakspeare or a new Satan. Good or bad, there is a great deal too much of Ibsen. Then there is the great contention about Home Rule, which for half-a-dozen years, at least, it has been impossible, if one takes in a newspaper, to escape for a day. As an institution, it may be perfect for all I know, but as a subject for composition or conversation, one has really had enough of it. Wagner again monopolises time and space in a manner to drive simple folks distracted. Then there is Bismarck (another German), and we have not heard the last of him yet. If these were only moderately long-lived one could bear with them, but, thanks to their adherents or antagonists, they "go on," like the brook (and with a good deal of brawling), "for ever." Now, in future, when a subject promises to be monopolising and to demand unceasing attention (which is a very different thing from unceasing interest), how nice it would be if some accomplished young persons—or even one of them—could be induced to give us the heads of it all, and spare us the details, and especially their repetitions! If she came at 6.30 or so, while we were having our hair curled before joining the festive entertainment or the glittering throng, and would give us a hint or two as to the proper thing to say about everything, it would be indeed a royal road to learning the topics of the day.

Koch's bacillus, after making a noise in the world out of all proportion to its size, has finally taken a back seat. As the doctors found they could no longer get the general public to swallow it, they have been swallowing it themselves. They seem to have expected the most terrible consequences. They made up their accounts, said good-bye to their friends, and awaited their fate—whether it should be leprosy, hydrophobia, or the cholera morbus—with professional philosophy. The bacillus was previously "cultivated in gelatine," in order, I suppose, to make it "go south" (as the Scotch call it) with the greater ease. One of these reckless experimentalists took half a drop, another three-fourths of a drop, and a third a whole drop. Seven days afterwards two of these heroes, "who were, however, predisposed to"—well, the usual malady of the plum season—"had slight attacks of that disorder," but on taking soda recovered next day. All three are now in perfect health, "although the existence of the bacillus was in each case established." Now that he has thus been relegated to the regions of farce, let us hope that we have heard the last of him.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* has been stating the grievances of cabmen—the greed of his proprietor, the extortion of the middleman, and so on. For all I know, this may be very true, but the fact remains that there is no class of person—and I am very well acquainted with him—who is so little anxious to push his trade. If the hour does not suit him, you will not get the man, though you offer him extra pay. Out of three hansom cabmen who were offered three shillings every morning to take a friend of mine to Fenchurch Street (five miles) at eight o'clock, two after a few mornings declined to come, upon the ground that they did not "care about keeping such early hours." If the chance of making eighteen shillings a week before nine o'clock is thus despised I cannot think the cab trade can be in such a very depressed condition. I subscribe weekly to it considerably more than that sum, and find a bonus of 25 per cent. is so little thought of that it is literally "not worth a 'Thank you.'" What is very peculiar about this calling, and gives it what Matthew Arnold so highly esteemed, "distinction," is that, whereas in other modes of locomotion you pay more for a superior class, the worse the "growler" the higher is the price the driver demands for the use of it. If the window is broken and the horse is lame and the man doesn't know his way the charge becomes almost prohibitive.

That most of the evils of social life in England are caused by drink is only too certain. We read of them in the newspapers, filtered but by no means clarified through the police reports, but there are some terrible tales that no doubt escape us. There was a very remarkable one the other day in the *Temperance Worker*, a periodical that only reaches me by favour of a friend: "The Tunbridge magistrates had recently before them a little boy named Blackman, who, maddened by drinking a quantity of his mother's rhubarb wine, attacked with a hammer a lady visitor." This is behaviour that would suit a Whiteboy better than a Blackman. I don't defend it in the least. The morbid taste which could induce anybody voluntarily to partake of rhubarb wine is shocking. I took some once by mistake for something better, and the effect was deplorable. Still, I never "went for" anybody—much less for a lady visitor—with a hammer. The great Porson, who drank everything he could lay his hands on, including liniment, never descended to rhubarb wine. But what a very excitable young gentleman Master Blackman must be! What would he have done if he had taken sherry!

To be thankful for small mercies is a commendable feeling, but to be so for misfortune seems to be going a little too far, though in a right direction, and somehow suggests a characteristic of Uriah Heep. In Bethesda Hall,

Highbury, it seems, it is the weekly custom to give thanks for both. The other night a female saint was authorised to give praise on account of a lady friend of hers, upon the ground that her premises had been lately burgled. The burglars took away all her portable property, even to her wedding presents. All she said was "Hallelujah! There is now nothing more to cling to, and it makes me lighter for my upward call." The principle of aërostation has never before, to my knowledge, been applied to our spiritual condition, and opens great possibilities. The profession of burglary, though dissimilar from that of the divine in intention, seems, at Bethesda Hall, to have the same effect. Mr. William Sikes must there be regarded from quite a novel standpoint, and I should dearly like to have his private views about it.

In diplomacy "too much zeal" is thought to be an error, but in other matters the more we "put our backs into it" the better. When a jockey in a horse-race, for example, is seen to be "not trying," everyone's indignation, except his master's (who has his reasons for forgiving him), is excited against him. He is generally, however, very careful in making his "pull." A contest in which every jockey had received his orders not to run, though it has its parallel in the humble donkey-race, must be an amusing spectacle. This seems to have been afforded to our Australian cousins the other day in a steeplechase in the neighbourhood of Melbourne. From first to last no jockey would take the lead, but politely hung back, perhaps with a bow and an "After you" to his competitors. Such wholesale courtesy was never before exhibited on a racecourse, but though a lesson in manners it is not equally to be praised in morals. There were, we are told, "loud outcries from the public," and at last a jockey did come to the front, and won without the slightest opposition. Think of an Epsom Derby with every horse not winning, but "held hard"!

The discovery of the thieves' cavern in Drury Lane revives the days of the criminal melodrama. The locality was a large cellar, supposed to be unoccupied, but from which issued nightly voices and footsteps, that caused it by the lodgers overhead to be considered haunted. What caused their faith in spooks to fail was the same circumstance that aroused Box's suspicions of Cox's tenancy of his room in the famous farce—occasionally there was a strong smell of tobacco-smoke. Thereupon the police were sent for to investigate the matter, and found a number of young gentlemen such as composed Fagin's academy in "Oliver Twist." One of these was caught, but the rest of his friends escaped for the time. Their tastes seemed to be much more cultivated than in the Artful Dodger's time. There was evidence of a good deal of business having been transacted—150 keys and a large collection of Gladstone bags—but on the walls of the cellar were hung looking-glasses and silver medals—not conferred, one fears, for good conduct. Still, people who believe in the civilising influence of Art, with a large A, will no doubt take comfort from the circumstance.

How few are the great novels in which "the designing woman" plays the chief part! If we are to believe the divines, she is almost everywhere, leading astray our highly principled sex and corrupting its youth. A more impudent assertion was never made since the well-known accusation of the wolf against the lamb; still, there are, doubtless, designing women, otherwise we should not have so accurate a delineator of human nature as Mrs. Oliphant writing about them. Her latest novel, "The Sorceress," is almost as great a contrast to "The Cuckoo's Nest" as can be conceived, and yet the heroines of both stories are adventuresses who oust their social antagonists and fill their places. Moreover, they have this attribute in common, that the authoress—and it is therefore to be supposed the reader—has a sneaking kindness for the interloper, and has not the heart in either case to punish her as she deserves. But Miss Lance, of the more recent novel, is wholly different in character and conduct from the daughter of the innkeeper in its predecessor. She is a sort of Becky Sharp, but with a certain genuine sentiment about her which that young lady would have found terribly in her way. It must be confessed, however, she never allows it to interfere with her interests, nor does it induce her to spare even her friends. The most striking character in the book is Colonel Kingsward, a type of gentleman not unknown in military and official circles, but who, so far as I know, has never before sat for his portrait. A more ill-used lover than Audrey Leigh one does not remember to have met, and if he had asserted himself a little more one feels that he would have suffered less. His patient submission to misunderstanding is a lesson to all young men of the period: they will say that he had a "Bee" in his bonnet—though, indeed, his conduct was solely due to his devotion to the young lady of that name (which is short for Beatrice) and to a sense of his own unworthiness. The turning of the tables that gradually takes place throughout the story is most skilfully contrived, and leads up to a conclusion which, though natural enough when it is reached, takes the ordinary reader by surprise. Mrs. Oliphant is not a cynical writer, but she describes Fate as she finds it, and, if she sets down naught in malice, makes no attempt at extenuation.

OBSCURITY IN VERSE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Turning over the *Critic*, an American literary journal, I came on an extract from another paper, the *Literary World*, and therein citations from yet another journal, unnamed and unknown to me, on the poems of Mr. Norman Gale. A "leading weekly," it seems, called Mr. Gale's verse obscure, because he wrote—

For the snake in her hisses unscathed,
She coos to her mate.

The verse is certainly sibilant, perhaps intentionally and appropriately; but the reviewer thought that "hisses" was a noun, and could make no sense of it. He took it, probably, as a kind of ablative absolute, or something of that sort, thus—

For (the snake in her hisses unscathed)
She coos to her mate.

This, of course, is not pellucid, but this is the wrong reading. Nothing could be further from my wish than to "crab" Mr. Gale's poems, as the young men say, but I do find this poem of his rather obscure, and obscurity is not the fault one expects in the Muse of orchards and pretty girls with "polished knees," a charm often left unsung. Thus—

If you give her a man to adore,
A kiss when he smites,
And behold, when the husband retreats
The woman still fights.

After three readings, I fancy this means that the lady kisses her husband when he is out of temper, or "smites," and carries the war into Africa when he desires peace.

For the snake in her kisses unscathed,
She coos to her mate.

This again signifies, perhaps, that though she coos, the snake in her is still alive and healthy, "unscathed" and unscotched, still hisses. But, though this does appear to be the sense, it is not much clearer than some things of Mr. Meredith's and Mr. Browning's. Probably it is too elliptic. The reviewer (the other reviewer) also found obscurity here—

O lucky Love, if speeding through
Her sanctuary's pane,
You see my Laura's white flash back
To Laura's white again.

Here, perhaps, the reviewer who took "hisses" for a noun, whereas it was a verb, took "flash," which is a verb, for an adjective, and "back," an adjective, for a noun. We hear, or used to hear, of "a flash bonnet," or what not. "A white flash back" (a back of peculiarly brilliant whiteness) would not make sense in the context. Or perhaps the puzzled critic read "Laura's" not as a possessive case of Laura, but as a statement—"s" being a contracted "is." He would construe—

You see my Laura's white flash back
To Laura's white again.

That is, "Laura has changed colour." When once a critic begins to get perplexed in this manner he had better betake himself to some less ramified problems. He will find difficulties everywhere. But, to be perfectly just, a poet is not absolutely pellucid when he sings about his "Laura's white," white being a substantive here, as in "Chinese white," "Indian red," and so forth. It is certainly not at all usual to express oneself in this manner: to say that a lady's white flashes back to her white. Moreover, if Love really did "speed through the pane," Love would cut himself demnibly, as Mr. Mantalini would have said. Through an open window or casement he might fly like a bee through ivy, as in Theocritus, but panes hurt when one flashes through them. It is horribly unkind to criticise poems in this way after they are published, but someone should do it before they are published: perhaps the proof-reader. I am swelling with gratitude at this hour to a proof-reader who has rescued me from a blunder of a description delightful to critics. Writing on the *Odyssey* I said, "The Alexandrian critics ended the *Odyssey* at Book xxiii. 290, where Odysseus and Penelope go to bed together." This they did because they were Alexandrian critics." My friend pointed out that this meant, as it stood, "they went to bed together because they were Alexandrian critics." Now, it would have needed the Bed of Ware to accommodate all that learned company. "Men and gods, we are all deluded thus." Mr. Gale's poems, like the "Invitation," which sounds and smells of Spring as Chaucer knew it, "The Shaded Pool," with its many Musidoras, his delightful "Pastoral," his "White Throat," and some other pieces, win pardon for the little blemishes, the obscurities, which are certainly there, though they are the least important part of his volume ("A Country Muse." Nutt).

Almost every poet "as is a poet" is called obscure at first, especially by the older generation. People born before 1820 or 1830 found Tennyson obscure, could not see what

others saw in him, and regarded "In Memoriam," especially, as a perfect jungle of difficulties. "Who in the world was Sir Galahad?" they asked. "What was the Grail, and, generally, what was it all about?"

Shelley was obscure to readers of Pope, and perhaps naturally, for "singing still he soars" till he is out of sight of earth and earthlings are out of sight of him. Mr. Meredith in his later verse is either more obscure than in his early verse, or one reader, at least, is infinitely stupider than he used to be. The matter of "Modern Love," indeed, is not always clear, but the lyrics in the same volume are as pellucid as the lyrics of Scott or Burns. Why are the later poems so much more tormented and contorted? Or is it the fault of the reader? Mr. Browning could be as clear as Herrick when he was in the mind, but usually he was not in the mind. His published letters prove that he naturally rolled out his ideas through labyrinthine channels and poured them into difficult moulds. So did Oliver Cromwell, in other respects a clear-headed man. If Oliver had written poetry it would have been as obscure as "Sordello." Milton is occasionally obscure, because he knew so much, and took it for granted that everyone else was as



Photo by W. and D. Downey, 61, Ebury Street.

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND HER DAUGHTER.

learned as himself. Lycophron, a proverb for obscurity, was dark because he was a pedant, and took all a pedant's pleasure in dragging allusions which no mortal could understand out of mythological holes and corners. Pindar is obscure, because his mind jumps about at such odd angles, because his verse is so elaborate, because he, also, knows so much mythology. The greatest proof of the cleverness of the Greeks is that they understood Pindar's odes and the odes of the Chorus when they heard them sung. Old Sir Henry Lee, in "Woodstock," liked to hear poetry read twice—first for the sound, next for the sense. One would fancy that Pindar needed to be read at least half-a-dozen times. Yet the Greeks appreciated him at a first singing, whereas nowadays, when the simplest verse is sung, we generally have not a remote guess at what it may mean. This, however, is not the fault of the poet. He had better take Jeames's advice, be "puffically surtain" of what he wants to say, and then say it as simply as possible. However, it must be admitted that many of the best poets have not followed the advice of Jeames.

The senior Prebendary of St. Paul's, the Rev. C. B. Dalton, has just died. He was well known in his day as Rector of Lambeth and Vicar of Highgate. For the last ten years he has resided in the Precincts, Rochester.

Our Illustration of the pontifical throne in St. Peter's, Rome, published a fortnight ago upon the occasion of the jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., was copied from a photograph by Messrs. R. W. Thomas and Co. (Limited), of 10, Pall-Mall, London.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCESS, HER DAUGHTER, HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

Just thirty years ago, on the very day of this writing, all we Londoners welcomed the arrival of Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the bride of the Prince of Wales—as the Poet Laureate wrote, the "Sea-King's daughter from over the Sea"—whose gracious presence, always felt, occasionally seen, without any published utterance of her personal sentiments, has dwelt among us since then, mainly occupied with the quiet domestic duties of a royal matron, surrounded by an atmosphere of social esteem never for an instant clouded by any doubt of her womanly goodness. As daughter, wife and mother, as sister and friend, this illustrious lady has merited, we feel sure, little as her private life is known to the world, the high regard in which she is held by the English people, as well as the love of her kindred at the home of her royal parents, an honoured and happy pair, and at the other foreign Courts where several members of her family reside on European thrones. But the fair young Princess who entered London in March 1863 has already become a grandmother! Why, of course, that was nearly two years ago—it was on May 17, 1891, that her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, gave birth to the infant, Lady Alexandra Duff, who is possibly able, by this time, to understand that she is somebody of particular importance, and will soon learn what it is to belong to a Princess and to a great Queen on the maternal side of her lineage, besides having a father in the highest rank of British nobles. They are not likely to spoil the little child; her Majesty's daughters and granddaughters, from all we have heard, are too wise for that, as the Queen herself was in the treatment of her own children, and the Princess of Wales in educating those three good English girls, one of whom, Princess Louise, on July 27, 1889, assumed the responsibilities of the married state. Long and happy life to this very young lady, who may in the early part of the approaching twentieth century be a distinguished ornament of society, but who is certainly a treasure in the eyes of her mother and her grandmother at the present time! England does not want a grandmotherly Government, but many of us have no objection to a grandmotherly Court; for in such relations, it may be said, we find one component part of the normally complete sphere of family life, with its affections so essentially human, so wholesome, pure, and sweet, that their exercise brings out the full charm of womanhood, and "das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan."

THE LANDSLIP AT SANDGATE.

The small but rapidly improving seaside town of Sandgate, near Folkestone, of late years much favoured by the aid of the South-Eastern Railway Company, has suffered a very serious disaster. On the night of Saturday, March 4, a landslip and sinking of the ground, to the depth of from 7 ft. to nearly 10 ft., took place along the slopes above the sea-shore, from the Coastguard Station to the Beach Rocks Samaritan Convalescent Home and the Military Hospital. There was a further subsidence early next morning, when the tide receded. It affected nearly two-thirds of the area of the town, damaging more than two hundred houses, including those of Wellington Terrace and the streets off High Street, Chapel Street, and Brewers Hill. The houses were mostly cracked asunder, but were not thrown down. Many families were compelled suddenly to quit their homes, with great loss and inconvenience, but no person was killed or wounded. The Sandgate Local Board has addressed the Government asking for the aid of an official engineer to inspect the place and recommend proper measures. Mr. Walton, an inspector of the Local Government Board, has been sent there. An opinion is entertained in the neighbourhood that the ground was shaken by the blowing-up of the wreck of the ship *Benvenue*, close to the beach, some months ago, by order of the Board of Trade and the Trinity House Corporation. The subsoil of the cliff being soft green sand, resting upon slippery gault clay, and probably charged with water from the late heavy rains, it is thought that the upper stratum came down by its own weight, after the low spring tides, which had lessened the pressure from the sea at the base of the cliff. The value of the house property destroyed is estimated at £10,000, or nearly half the rateable value of the town. There is much distress, to relieve which a public subscription fund has been opened. Alderman John Banks, the Mayor of Folkestone, and the Rev. Russell Wakefield, Vicar of Sandgate, receive contributions; also the Lord Mayor of London. The town has been crowded with visitors eager to see the effects of this calamitous landslip.



"THE AMAZONS," AT THE COURT.

If you would like to listen to some clever and diverting satire on the worship of big bone and muscle, and an exaggerated reverence for "the claims of long descent," go to the Court Theatre. If you would be amused, almost without cessation, by lively dialogue and piquant acting, go to the Court Theatre. For Mr. Pinero once more reigns at Chelsea, and he is at his most whimsical best. "The Amazons," let it be said at once, is not what is called a "strong" piece: It is a bit of filigree work, an intellectual *soufflé*. The main theme is not especially novel, and the treatment is slight, almost to breaking-point. The notion of a broad-limbed, full-chested Marchioness, famed, like her deceased husband, for her physical proportions, bringing up her three daughters as if they were boys—dressing them, when they are at home at Overcote Hall, in shooting-jackets and knickerbockers, and compelling them to be

proficient in gymnastic exercises—this, of course, is "whimsical" enough, but it is not wholly fresh, even in the literature of the stage. What renders it effective and delightful at the Court Theatre, in "The Amazons," is the way in which Mr. Pinero deals with it—the skill, alike literary and dramatic, with which he makes it the vehicle for his agreeable humour. In the first act his chief intention, apparently, is to portray in the Marchioness a typical worshipper of physical perfection; and this he does in mirth-provoking fashion, albeit that some of the things the Marchioness has to say are the least bit *risqué*. Happily it is Miss Rose Leclercq that has to give utterance to them; and who could do so better?—with more ease or with more naïveté? Miss Leclercq, as a mother who (such is her disgust at the "melancholy maternal muddle" which has given her female children only) insists upon regarding and treating her girls as boys—"incomplete" boys, she admits, but still boys—is a charmingly piquant

figure; and one regrets that one sees so little of her after the curtain has fallen on the first act.

After that first act, one knows, of course, what will happen. The Marchioness's eccentric educational methods will break down as soon as her three girls are confronted seriously with the love-problem. Even now, the youngest, Lady Thomasin (Miss Terriss), confesses that she is "growing sadly effeminate"; even Lady Wilhelmina (Miss Pattie Browne), who at present is the most mannish of the three, is destined to fall away from pseudo-masculine grace. Both already have lovers, who have offered marriage. Mr. Pinero's cynicism shows itself in making the three Amazons devote themselves to three young men of but meagre physical charms. On the whole, however, the dramatist shines in this piece rather as humourist than as cynic. It is in that respect that he differs from his master, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, from whom he has caught the trick of comic fantasy without assimilating the too mordant sarcasm that distinguishes the Gilbertian method pure and simple.



IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

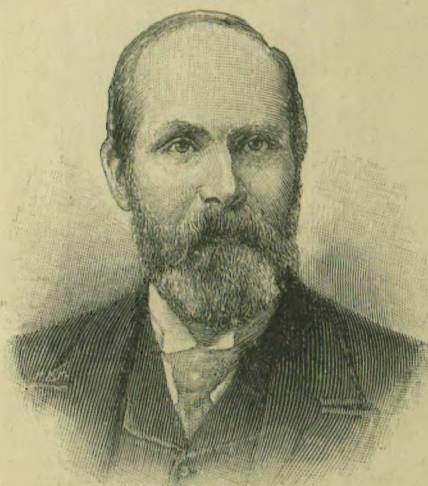
BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

PERSONAL.

The new President of the United States is especially fortunate in his wife. During Mr. Cleveland's first Presidency, when the marriage took place, Mrs. Cleveland was easily the most popular woman in the United States. Her beauty, tact, fine manners, and very gentle nature gave her a very strong hold on the country, which her husband's enthusiastic affection for her, and open display of it, greatly increased. The big levées at the White House were never more brilliant and successful than when Mrs. Cleveland was the hostess. She is a woman of some fortune, though she does not rank with the daughters of millionaires. Her husband's own possessions are considerable, though not extravagant, and after his first Presidency he resumed practice as a lawyer.

Signal tribute has been paid to the abilities and popularity of M. Waddington, who is about to retire from his post as French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The banquet given by the Lord Mayor on Saturday, March 4, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House was only not an unprecedented one because a similar compliment was paid a few years ago to Mr. E. J. Phelps upon his return to America. The citizens of the United States are hardly regarded here as foreigners, and M. Waddington is, at least, as much an Englishman as a Frenchman. There is nothing in his appearance, his manner, or his voice to suggest anything but a son of our own soil. The fact was all the more noticeable on Saturday night, because a number of distinguished foreign diplomatists from all parts of the world, as well as the entire staff of the French Embassy, had been bidden to the festivity, and there were very few indeed of them who might have been mistaken for our fellow-countrymen. The star of the Legion of Honour shone conspicuously on many British bosoms, especially on those of the artists who had received it after the French exhibitions.

The death of Professor Minto, while primarily robbing Aberdeen University of perhaps its strongest teacher, has created a distinct blank in English criticism.



THE LATE PROFESSOR W. MINTO.

His genius, receiving its first impetus from the powerful influence of his predecessor, Dr. Bain, was almost entirely analytic, and that, too, in the region of English literature. An undergraduate career of unparalleled brilliancy in his University left him in perplexity what to turn to. Divinity, Oxford, and an assistantship to the Professor of Natural Philosophy attracted him in turn, and were in turn abandoned. But this distracting period gave him time to write his "Manual of English Prose Literature" and his "Characteristics of English," which launched him in journalism and on which his reputation will undoubtedly rest. It was the same perplexity which drew him into fiction for a time, but there the weakness in construction told against his success. While he fulfilled the double duties of philosophy and literature attaching to his chair, his real power lay in literature, and the pathetic part of the story is that the chair is on the eve of being divided, when Professor Minto would, as English Professor, have found his true vocation at last. His great popularity with his pupils has been strikingly shown by their issuing an "In Memoriam" supplement to their magazine—an honour never paid to any other teacher in their University.

Mr. Mellor's troublous entry into the chair which, barring extraordinary developments, he is likely to occupy for the rest of this Parliament has set people wondering why he exchanged the ease of a rich and well-connected man for the bothers and hard work of a Chairman of Committees. Mr. Courtney, as everybody knows, is not a well-to-do man, for he is one of the journalists and politicians who "make by force their merit known." Another disadvantage under which Mr. Mellor labours, in addition to the fact that he is not a man of rapid judgment, is that he is comparatively unfamiliar with House of Commons procedure. For six years he has been out of the House altogether. During that period Parliamentary manners and customs have undergone some most important changes, and both Mr. Peel and Mr. Courtney have laid down new and far-reaching precedents. Mr. Mellor's Parliamentary life belongs to an earlier period, and it never involved a very constant attendance. However, good nerves and a quiet temper are valuable qualities in a Chairman, and these, whatever other defects he may possess, it is quite clear Mr. Mellor can boast.

The House of Commons has had two very big men added to its respectable quota of giants, and, curiously enough, they were introduced one after the other. Both Mr. Allan and Mr. Gibney, one of the new Nationalist members for Meath, weigh about eighteen stone. Mr. Gibney is the taller, and must be one of the largest men in the House, ranking with Sir Henry Fletcher, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Whitbread, and other men of stature, though none of these gentlemen can compare with Mr. John O'Connor, who now unfolds himself no more from the front bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. In picturesqueness Mr. Allan divides the honours with Mr. John Burns, Mr. Keir Hardie, and Mr. Michael Davitt, all of whom affect the low-crowned hat. Mr. Allan's headgear is a weighty slouch hat, with a tremendous brim that

almost hides the broad, bearded face. It quite supersedes Mr. Keir Hardie's travelling cap.

M. Taine's death, at the comparatively early age of sixty-four, deprives contemporary French literature of one of its



THE LATE M. TAINE.

most sound and able exponents, and vacates another *fauteuil* in the Academy. An ardent admirer of England and the English, his "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," published some thirty years ago, was the first work of the kind ever written in the French language. He was also the author of curious studies on Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, and many of our leading writers. As an historian, M. Taine's work, though somewhat ponderous at times, was notable for those qualities most deficient in his predecessor, Michelet—a certain painstaking accuracy and rare sobriety of judgment. His "Origines de la France Contemporaine" was once designated by Victor Hugo as being "une pyramide historique"; and scarce a public library in France but was ransacked by him with a view to obtaining unpublished documents for this monumental history of the old régime and the French Revolution. Till the publication of "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," M. Taine was always believed to have been in sympathy with the Radical party, but as successive volumes of the work appeared, his friends saw that his opinions were undergoing a change, and it was as a candidate of the Conservative majority that he became a member of the French Academy in 1878. With but few exceptions, he was the most regular attendant at the meetings of "the Immortals." Notwithstanding his extensive knowledge of our literature, M. Taine never learnt to speak English really well. Among his personal friends he numbered very many distinguished Englishmen, including Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, and the late Dean Stanley. Taine was very fond of Oxford, and proud of the honorary degree conferred on him by that University in 1871. A frequent contributor to the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he was one of those whom the Duc d'Aumale delighted to honour, and he was, accordingly, constantly to be met at Chantilly. Most of M. Taine's work was done at night, and compiled from the bundles of voluminous notes which he had taken at various periods in the public and private libraries to which he had access. In personal appearance M. Taine was singularly unlike the ideal French man of letters. He was noted for his careless, not to say shabby dress: such was his horror of new clothes that when once persuaded by some friend that his coat or hat was really getting worn out, he would lay it carefully by and adopt in its place another which had been cast aside some three or four years before. But his many small peculiarities did not prevent him from being a delightful talker and companion, and he leaves many who regret his premature death.

The Liberals have sustained a severe blow in the defeat of Mr. Broadhurst at Grimsby by a majority of 964. Mr.



THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD HENEAGE, M.P.

Heneage regaining the seat which he lost at the General Election by a majority of 636. The result was not unexpected, for Mr. Broadhurst was a stranger to Grimsby, and was opposed by the more independent and advanced Labour men on account of his attitude on the eight hours and other questions. His defeat does something to balance the successes obtained by the Government at Hexham, Walsall, and elsewhere, and leaves Mr. Gladstone only two votes better than he stood at the General Election. Mr. Heneage is, of course, a familiar figure in the House of Commons, where of late years he has occupied the corner seat on the front Opposition bench. He is a Privy Councillor, and resigned his place in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1886, when his Home Rule proposals were developed. He is not an orator, though he has often spoken in the House; and in the old undivided days belonged to the Whig section of the old Liberal party.

"A Candid Conservative" writes: "A good many members of our party would be very much obliged to Mr. Chamberlain if he would let us alone. The Liberal Unionists in the House are useful allies, but we have leaders of our own who are quite competent to conduct

our own battle. In my opinion, Mr. Balfour was quite right in declining to be led by Mr. Chamberlain into a protracted discussion on a petty matter like the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule. We do not at all sympathise with the various attacks that have been made on Mr. Balfour's leadership. It is far more dignified than Mr. Chamberlain's, and is none the worse for being moderate before the time for decisive action has come. As for Lord Randolph Churchill, he is very good for occasional speeches, which are admirable in their way, but he is not a sufficiently regular attendant at the House, and not sufficiently in earnest about politics, to be thought of as a rival to Mr. Balfour. That gentleman is not, perhaps, a great Parliamentary genius, but his debating powers are greatly developed, and his judgment is good. We are not going to swap horses crossing a stream, especially as we are not convinced that our present steed is unable to bear us."

Mr. Pinero's new play at the Court is well "dressed." Messrs. Redfern, of Conduit Street, are responsible for most of the handsome dresses. Miss Terriss, in the first act, is attired in a striking costume for fishing, the coat a cross between a man's Chesterfield and a Norfolk jacket, with leather collar and cuffs and belt and long gaiters. Miss Browne is supplied with a similarly striking riding costume, with a "horsey" check tweed coat, a waistcoat, and white riding trousers and long boots. Equally remarkable is Miss Caldwell's military frock-coat and red serge skirt, with a busby for a hat. In contrast are Miss Hanbury's pretty morning dress of drab cloth, the coat a little zouave opening over a white silk and heliotrope shirt and a plain bell-shaped skirt; and Miss Leclercq's simple but stylish black vicuna, with coat opening over a white piqué vest and plainly cut grey tweed skirt. In the next act the ladies have shooting costumes: one is in brown corduroy and wide check knickerbockers, another in grey cord with similar continuations, and a third in red cord with heather mixture knickers. The gymnastic costumes of the third act are in red, fawn, and reseda, in each case faced with black; and then comes a change in the last act to the traditional feminine attire in the shape of a yellow satin Empire gown trimmed with bands of white embroidered in gold in Greek key design, worn by Miss Hanbury; of a salmon-pink faille française, trimmed with green and gold passementerie and green velvet, and finished by huge sleeves of beaded pink net, that Miss Terriss assumes; and in the apple-green faille redingote-shaped polonaise, trimmed with chenille, opening over a white satin and gold-embroidered vest and skirt, that is worn by Miss Browne.

With Madame Grévy passes away all that remained to recall to those moving in French political circles the man

who was for so many years their venerated chief. Although the daughter of a Faubourg Saint-Antoine tanner, Madame Grévy held her own bravely at the Elysée during her husband's Presidency, and was fond of saying that she felt far more at home with the well-bred royalties who called on her during their brief sojourns in Paris than with the wives of some of her husband's Ministers. Madame Grévy was a kind, motherly-looking old lady, entirely devoted to her husband (who had married her when he was already one of the leading lights of the Paris Bar) and her daughter, Marguerite, now Madame Daniel Wilson. With all the instincts of a *petite bourgeoise*, Madame Grévy detested anything like waste or prodigality, and when at the Elysée she kept no housekeeper, but managed the whole of the huge establishment alone and unaided, paying ready money for everything, and settling down to the smallest detail how the sum set apart by her for entertaining should be spent. It is said that she leaves in real and personal property something like six million francs. Since the ex-President's death Madame Grévy lived very quietly with the Wilsons, spending nearly all her time with her little granddaughters, to whom she was entirely devoted. It is to the credit of the French Republican party that they always paid the old lady their respects at least once a year, and MM. de Freycinet and Jules Ferry were among the mourners at her funeral.

The Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, Mr. Acland, on March 2 received a deputation, introduced by the Duke of Westminster and headed by the Duke of Fife, with Lord Playfair, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, and other ladies and gentlemen, asking Government to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission for the education of the blind and of the deaf and dumb. Mr. Acland gave a favourable answer, promising that a Bill should be introduced into Parliament for this object.

Our Illustrations last week of the laundry and cookery classes of the London School Board were furnished by the photographs of Messrs. Mayall and Co., 73, Piccadilly.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W., for the portrait of Mr. E. Heneage, M.P.; to Messrs. Lambert, Weston, and Son, of Folkestone, for the views illustrating the subsidence of land at Sandgate; to Mr. Geering, of Aberdeen, for the portrait of the late Professor Minto; to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, publishers, Henrietta Street, W.C., for that of the late M. Taine; and to Messrs. Bonquet, of Paris, for that of the late Madame Grévy.



THE LATE MADAME GREVY.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, returned from London to Windsor Castle on Wednesday, March 1; Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne, visited the Queen on Friday. The Queen came again to London on Wednesday, March 8, to hold next day the second Drawing-Room of the season at Buckingham Palace.

The sarcophagus or tomb of the lamented Duke of Clarence in the Albert Chapel of Windsor Castle was visited on March 2 by his parents, the Prince and Princess of Wales, his brother, the Duke of York, and his sisters Princesses Victoria and Maud. It was designed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., in the Italian Gothic style, and is composed of richly veined Mexican marble panels, supported on a slab of Sienna yellow marble, approached by a black marble step. Mr. Gilbert, with the Rev. Canon Dalton, received their Royal Highnesses in the chapel.

The Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales left England on Saturday morning, March 4, travelling by way of Dover and Calais and the French railways, and through the Mont Cenis tunnel, to Genoa, where they embarked on board the royal yacht Osborne for a prolonged cruise in the Mediterranean, to include a visit to the King and Queen of Greece at Athens. The Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Fife, accompanied their Royal Highnesses to the Charing Cross station for their departure from London to Dover.

The Prince of Wales was re-elected, for the nineteenth year continuously, Grand Master of the English Freemasons, at a quarterly meeting of the United Grand Lodge on March 1, the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, Deputy Grand Master, presiding. Brother Samuel Cochrane, Past Master of the Lodge of Fidelity, No. 3, was elected Grand Treasurer for the ensuing year. Over five hundred Masons were present.

The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England convened a meeting on March 1, at which the Prince of Wales took the chair, to erect a memorial of the very useful series of experiments conducted by Sir John Lawes, at Rothamsted, during half a century from 1843, especially in the application of agricultural chemistry to the cultivation of crops and the feeding of stock, besides his munificent endowments, to the amount of more than £100,000, for the promotion of such knowledge. The Duke of Westminster, Mr. Thistleton Dyer, and Sir John Evans followed his Royal Highness in speaking to the resolutions. A committee was appointed for the purpose. There will be a granite monument at Rothamsted, and a piece of silver plate, with a suitable address and record.

The Prince of Wales, with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), opened, on March 4, the new Free Public Library, near Brixton Church, built at the expense of Mr. Henry Tate, of Park Hill, Streatham, to whose generosity South London was already indebted for the free libraries at Streatham and at South Lambeth. He is also the donor of the Gallery of British Art. The building at Brixton has cost Mr. Tate £15,000, a gift made on condition that the parish should, under the Free Libraries Act, levy a penny rate instead of a halfpenny rate, for the maintenance of the library, formed by the Lending Library Commissioners. Our illustration shows the front of the building, which is constructed of red brick and Portland stone, with a roof of green slate. It stands on the east side of the main road in Brixton. The ground floor comprises the magazine reading-room, the newspaper reading-room, and a large lending library. On the first floor are the large reference library, with a book store attached to it, and the committee-room. The extensive basement comprises strong-room, heating apparatus, and other conveniences. There is a residence for the librarian at the side. The architect was Mr. Sydney R. J. Smith, York Buildings, Adelphi.

The Marquis of Salisbury, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, on March 1 presided at a meeting in the Sheldonian Theatre in aid of the building fund of the Radcliffe Infirmary, attended by the Masters, Provosts, Presidents, Wardens, and other heads of most of the colleges, and by professors, tutors, and graduates, with many ladies. The Master of University College, as treasurer of the fund, explained the need of alterations of the building and of additional wards. Lord Salisbury advocated the claims of the infirmary, not only as the chief hospital for Oxford, but also for the study of medical science. His speech contained interesting remarks on the value of scientific as well as classical, literary, and metaphysical studies.

The polling at the election for Grimsby, the seat being vacated by the retirement of Mr. H. Josse, M.P., took place on Monday, March 6, and the Right Hon. Edward Heneage, Conservative, a former member, was chosen by 4427 votes against 3463 for Mr. Henry Broadhurst, Gladstonian Liberal. The scrutiny of the votes at Halifax was concluded on March 7, when Mr. Rawson Shaw (Gladstonian), having verified 4620 votes against 4252 for Mr. Arnold, got his election confirmed.

The London School Board, after an adjourned debate, on March 2 rejected a motion, introduced by the Rev. Athelstan Riley, to order the school-teachers to inculcate the doctrine of the Trinity in giving religious instruction from the Bible. An amendment, moved by the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, to adhere to the system of Biblical and religious instruction settled by the first Board, was preferred by twenty-eight votes to sixteen, with a provision, moved by Sir Cameron Gull, to add the word "Christian" before "religion and morality" in the order made by that Board twenty-two years ago.

The County Councils Association, which consists of members of fifty-one County Councils in England and Wales, representing a population of sixteen millions and a half, with a rateable annual value of eighty-eight millions sterling, held its third yearly meeting on March 2 at the Westminster Townhall. Sir J. T. Hibbert presided. Lord

Thring, Mr. Hobhouse, M.P., and other members took part in the discussions upon the Registration Bill, the Floods Prevention and Rivers Pollution Bills, and the Weights and Measures Bill, now before Parliament.

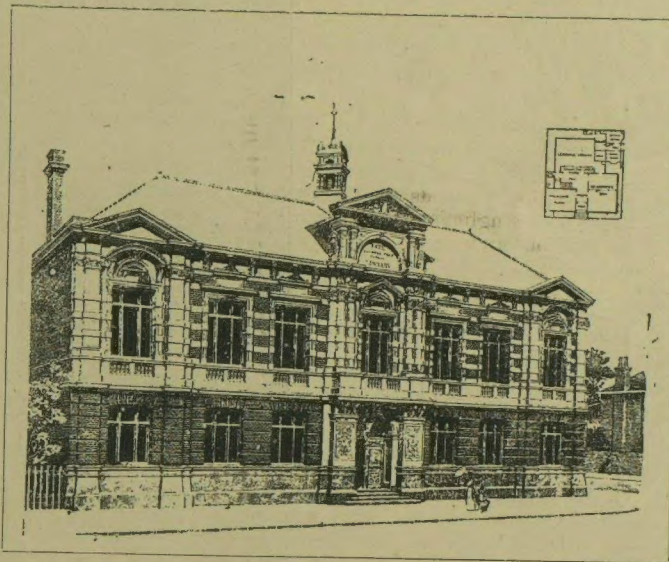
The football-match between England and Scotland under Rugby rules was played at Leeds on Saturday, March 4, and resulted in the victory of Scotland by two dropped goals, counting as eight points, to nothing. This annual contest was instituted in 1871, England has won eight matches, Scotland five, and seven were drawn. The semi-final ties for the Association Cup were played at Nottingham and Sheffield, but the contest is still proceeding. At Kennington Oval, the London players contended with players belonging to the Army, and won the match by five goals to four.

A Newcastle steam-ship, bound from London to the Manchester Ship Canal, was wrecked off the Lizard Point, Cornwall, in a fog on March 4; the second mate was drowned, the captain and crew were saved. Four Norwegian seamen in a vessel coming from Jamaica to Glasgow were washed overboard and drowned in a storm on the Atlantic.

The French Government, on March 6, carried in the Chamber of Deputies, by 257 votes to 188, the Bill sent down from the Senate which renders newspaper libels on foreign sovereigns or ambassadors liable to be punished by the magistrates with summary jurisdiction. The trial of the Senators and Deputies accused of receiving bribes from the promoters of the Panama Canal Company was appointed for Wednesday, March 8. Papers belonging to M. Arton have been seized at Jassy, and may furnish additional proofs. A Bill has passed the Chamber, introduced by M. Tirard, and is now before the Senate, which would entirely suppress the action of the "coulissiers," or outside brokers, on the Paris Bourse, confining all the dealings to the regular "agents de change."

The receipts of the theatres and panoramas in Paris last year were £901,320, as compared with £943,960 in 1891.

The French General Dodds has informed the Government that until King Behanzin disappears the garrison of Abomey cannot be safely reduced, but that after October



THE TATE FREE LIBRARY AT BRIXTON.

next it will be possible to limit the cost of the occupation of Dahomey to £200,000 per annum.

In the German Reichstag there was a discussion on the estimates for German East Africa, which amount to £125,000. In reply to certain criticisms offered by one of the directors of the East Africa Company, the Imperial Chancellor made an exhaustive statement, in the course of which he defended Baron von Soden, the Governor of the colony, and said that Germany must endeavour, like England, to make progress without bloodshed.

The International Sanitary Conference, convened by the Austrian Government, is to meet at Dresden on March 11.

A serious conflict between the populace and the gendarmes, arising out of resistance to the imposition of market tolls, took place some days ago in the town of Szoboszlo, in Hungary. The mob pelted the gendarmes with stones; the latter fired in retaliation, and three persons were killed and several seriously injured before order was restored.

The Pope completed his eighty-third year on March 2. The total contributions of Peter's Pence on the occasion of his jubilee are stated to have amounted to £263,960, of which Great Britain contributed £48,000.

The Parliamentary elections in Spain have been favourable to the Government, except in Madrid, where six Republicans have been elected, there being eight seats to be filled. The Civil Governor of Madrid has resigned his office. In the new Chamber, however, there will probably be 280 Liberals, 54 Conservatives, 20 dissident Conservatives, 26 "belligerent" Republicans, ten "pacific" Republicans, and eight or ten Carlists.

The new President of the United States of America, Mr. Grover Cleveland, inaugurated his term of office at Washington on Saturday, March 4, with the usual ceremony in the grand portico of the Capitol, taking his oath to maintain the Constitution of the Union. He delivered a very impressive speech, in which he exposed "certain conditions and tendencies among the people that seem to menace the integrity and usefulness of their Government." The President made no allusion to foreign affairs, or to the proposed annexation of Hawaii. His Ministry is now appointed, consisting of Mr. Walter Gresham, of Indiana, Secretary of State; Mr. J. G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. R. Olney, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General; Colonel Lamont, of New York, Secretary of War; Mr. Hilary Herbert, of Alabama, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Wilson Bissell, Mr. Hoke Smith, and Mr. Julius S. Morton.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There is a great deal too much electricity in the air for the comfort of the tranquil politician. New members, who are never sure of securing seats, stand timidly at the bar, as if they expected to be blown away by sudden squalls. The unexpected happens so often that you cannot distinguish it from the commonplace. Who could have predicted that Lord Randolph would rise and rebuke the Ulster members for attacking the Irish National Board of Education and the Catholic schools to which the Board proposed to give the Government grant? Never have the indefinite possibilities of Irish affairs been more strikingly illustrated. Perhaps it was to restore the balance of conventionality that Mr. T. W. Russell moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the state of County Clare, or perhaps it was to give Mr. William Redmond an opportunity of posing in his favourite character of Little Bo-peep. Mr. William Redmond represents a division of Clare, and regards all the inhabitants of the county as his flock. They are said to be very black sheep. They go about in small moonlighting gangs, as Mr. Morley admitted, disturbing the public peace out of sheer "cussedness." But Little Bo-peep, while allowing that they might have strayed, besought the House to leave them alone. Not only would they come home and bring their tails behind, but they would be righteously offended by the malicious interpretation which had been put upon their conduct by Mr. T. W. Russell. This guileless theory of morals in County Clare was expounded by Mr. Redmond with great fervour for upwards of an hour. Six times did he indulge in a peroration, and then resume his discourse all over again, as if it had a charm from which he could not tear himself. In the midst of this too congenial task he had a skirmish with Colonel Saunderson, which, I am told, led later to a scene in the Lobby, described to me as a mixture of an Homeric combat and a famous passage in the life of Bob Acres, the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger being kindly performed for this occasion only by The O'Kelly.

But, bless you, scenes are so frequent now that it is difficult to keep any account of them. After discussing Mr. Redmond's innocent lambs, the Opposition turned a hungry eye on the new Chairman of Committees. He looked so simple, so affable, and so nervous—for all the world like little Red Riding Hood come to preside over Supply for her grandmamma—that an irresistible desire to eat him spread itself wolfishly along the Opposition benches. Mr. James Lowther, disguising himself as grandmamma, was plaintively reminded by little Red Riding Hood that his teeth were rather large and irrelevant, whereupon he said, "All the better to gobble you up with, my dear," and the Chair grew very flurried and bewildered, and points of order were fired off in platoons, till, amid the storm, Mr. Sexton was heard to declare that there was a conspiracy to embarrass Mr. Mellor. Then the House gave itself up to noise and dumb show, with the Chairman getting more and more explanatory in brief lulls of the riot, and with a diminishing prospect of any useful business. Next day the inevitable outbreak took a new direction. An unassuming vote for Irish Light Railways was before the House, and it struck Mr. T. W. Russell that the absence of Mr. Morley was very reprehensible. A motion to report progress was defeated, and then Mr. Morley appeared, not in the best humour, and made a tart reply to the bland and inquisitive

Mr. Lowther. This brought up Mr. Chamberlain with one of those acidulated little speeches of which he possesses the secret, and Sir William Harcourt, in the unaccustomed character of a large and substantial angel of peace, restored harmony with the mild flutter of capacious wings. A gentle interlude with the Railway Rates Bill refreshed the combatants, who returned to the fray with undiminished ardour. Sir William Harcourt had given notice of a motion to suspend the twelve o'clock rule for the discussion of the Navy Votes, and this was treated as an invasion of Parliamentary rights; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, still in his angelic mood, explained that nothing was further from his intent than the disregard of pious precedent. Sir John Gorst declaimed about the rights of labour in Government workshops, and drew from Mr. Campbell Bannerman the notable announcement that wages are to be raised in arsenals and dockyards without any reference to the law of supply and demand. This daring leap of the official mind did not deter the military and naval orators in the House from talking at large till midnight, and the first Navy Vote was not even taken in hand, in spite of the suspension of the standing order which closes debate at the witching hour of twelve.

Such procedure must convince the observant stranger that, whatever may be its gifts and graces, the House of Commons is not an ideal place for the despatch of public business. A morning sitting enabled the Government to pass the first Navy Vote, after Mr. Gibson Bowles had gravely proposed to reduce it to the extent of one admiral. This first Vote provided the supply of men, but the money to pay them remained in the ante-chamber of the future. I begin to suspect the reality of Sir William Harcourt's angelic plumage. Ministers are determined to take the second reading of the Home Rule Bill before Easter, and the Opposition are equally determined to prevent it. I have a prophetic instinct of the moment when those feathers of paradise with which Sir William has adorned himself will fly, and there will be no more angels and ministers of grace.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MARCH 11, 1893.

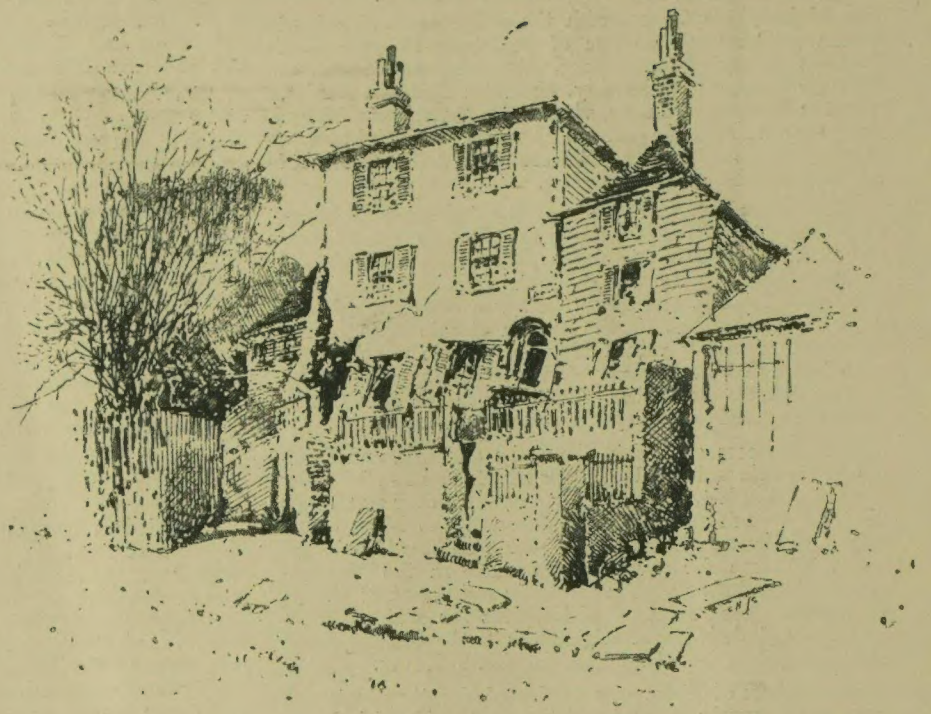
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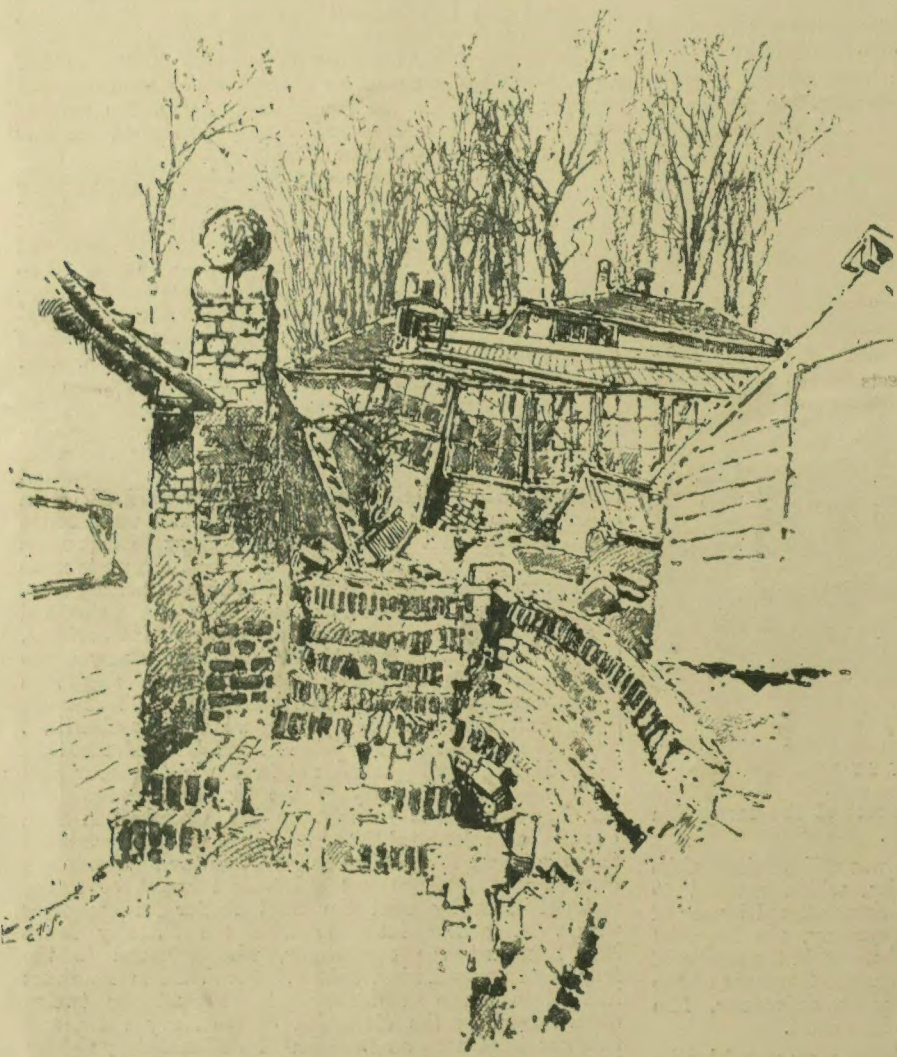
THE LANDSLIP AT SANDGATE.



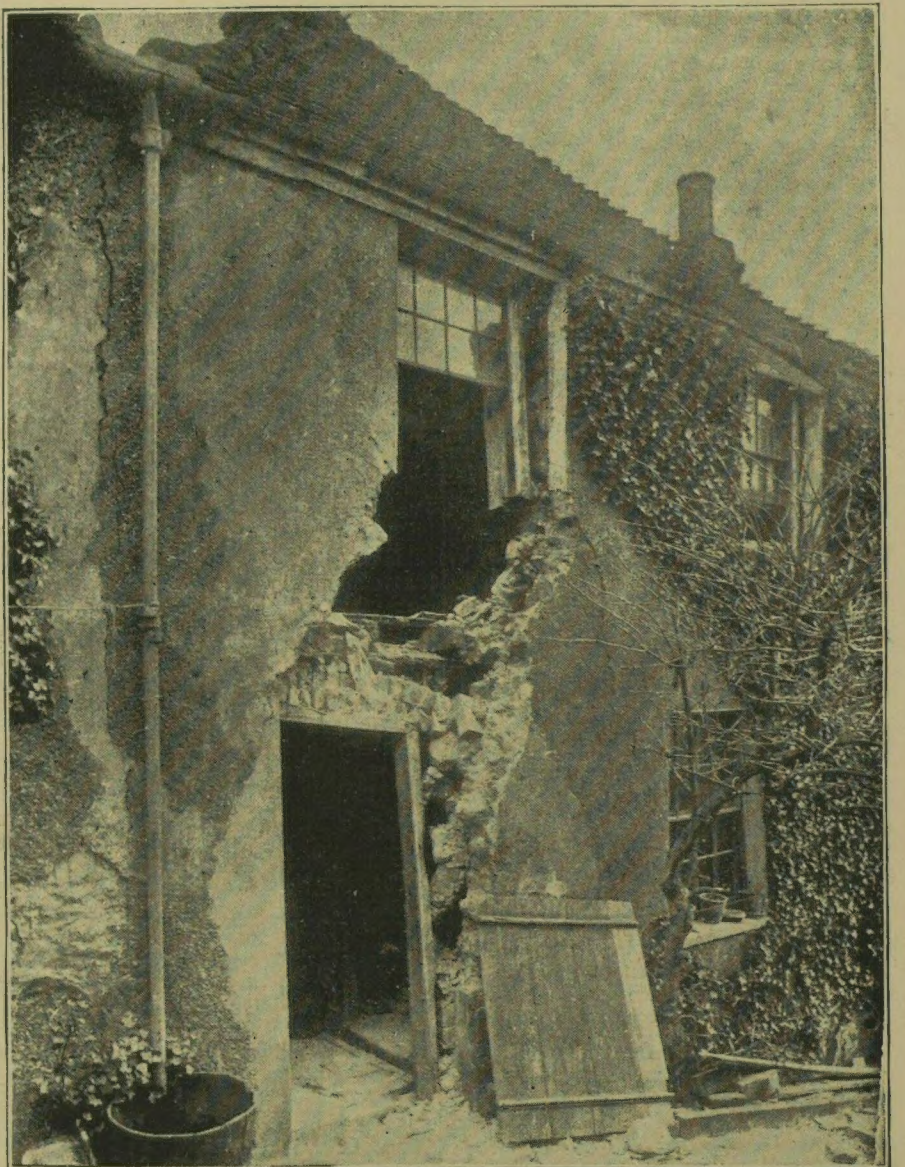
IN CHAPEL STREET.



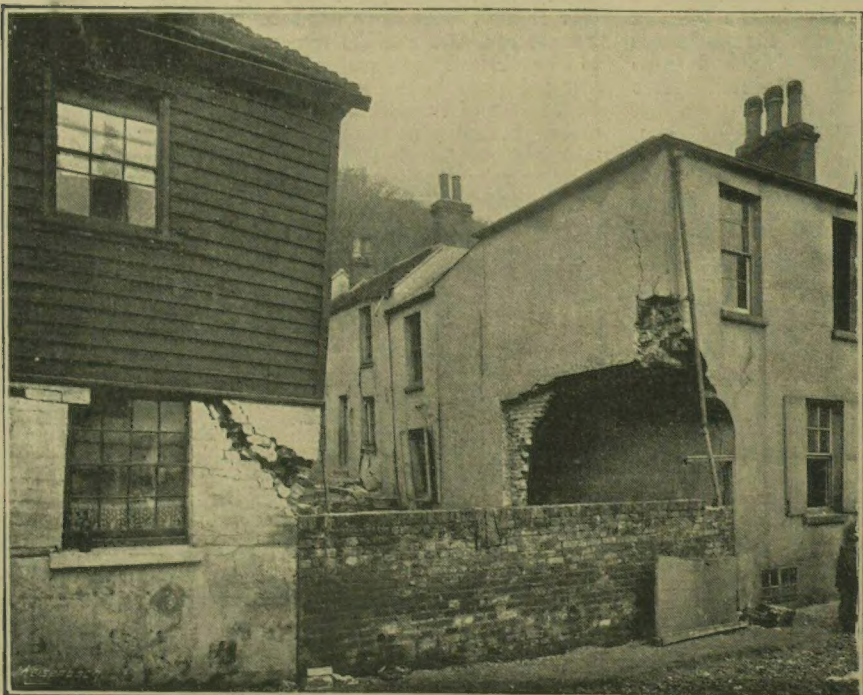
SPRING HOUSE.



DESTRUCTION OF PROSPECT NURSERIES AND GARDENER'S COTTAGE.



A HOUSE AT SANDGATE.



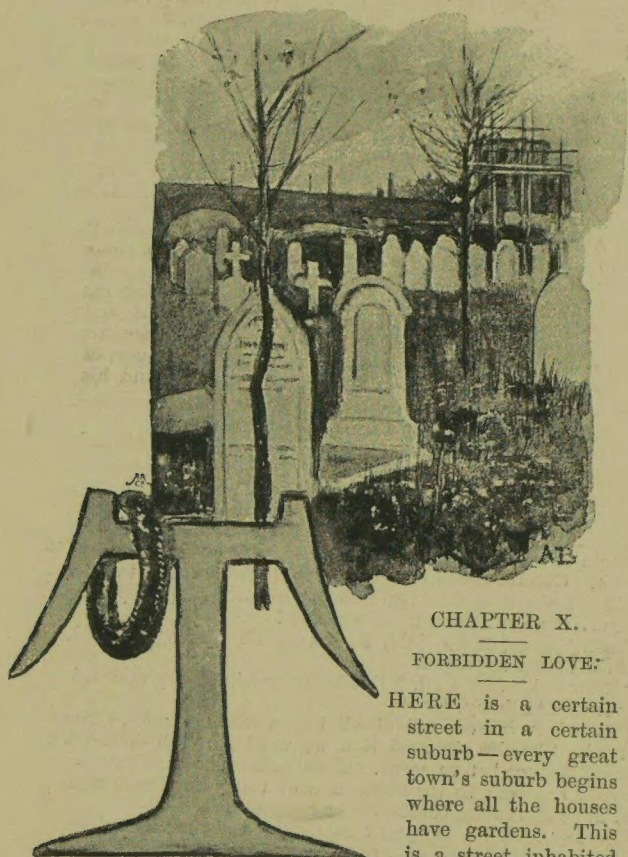
IN CHAPEL STREET.



MOVING OUT FROM WELLINGTON TERRACE.

THE REBEL QUEEN

BY
WALTER BESANT.



CHAPTER X. FORBIDDEN LOVE.

HERE is a certain street in a certain suburb—every great town's suburb begins where all the houses have gardens. This is a street inhabited by foremen of works,

heads of departments in the smaller factories, clerks, national-school masters, and the like—a street of quite the better sort. The houses, which are all alike, contain

a room in the basement and a kitchen, two rooms on the ground floor, two on the first floor, and a garret. All the houses in the street show the same ornamentation in lines of coloured bricks. At the back of the houses on the west side stretches a large open space. None of the residents, I believe, have ever objected to this open space that it is a place of tombs; on the contrary, they congratulate themselves on the fine freedom of air obtained by the breadth and length of the cemetery—it is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad—none of the residents, who are people of common-sense, ever give a thought to the multitudinous dead who lie buried there. As for being afraid of their ghosts, who ever heard of a ghost in a new-fashioned cemetery? The sighs which reach the ears of the sleepless at night are recognised as the rustling of the poplars, not the plaint of the dead; there comes from it at sunset no awfulness of the tomb; yonder white form rising above the headstones at twilight is not a spectre and nobody takes it for a spectre; it is but a broken pillar, a tasty and appropriate thing commemorating the name and life of a respected citizen prematurely cut off at eighty-one.

The houses in this street are clean and well kept; the blinds are half down—this fact alone proves the respectability of the tenants; the doorsteps are whitened once a week—for Sunday morning; for the same occasion knocker and door-handle are polished.

In the daytime the street is left entirely empty, except for the costers. For obvious reasons there is little social intercourse among housewives in the morning: at twelve o'clock the children bring back life to the streets by coming home for

dinner: towards four in the afternoon there begins movement, windows are thrown up, doors are opened, ladies who have got on their "things" come out and converse with each other.

This evening, about seven, a young lady, dressed daintily, if not richly, was set down at the end of the street by the tram. She knew her way and tripped along the pavement quickly, without looking about her.

Halfway down the street, on the side where the backs overlook the cemetery, she stopped at one which bore a brass plate, on which was engraved the legend: "Miss Bernard, Teacher of Music." And in the window was posted a card announcing that the terms were a shilling an hour, and that instruction was imparted either on the piano, the concertina, or the banjo, on these very reasonable terms.

"Why! Good gracious! If it isn't Clara!"

The Professor of Music was at the moment composing—not a sonata—but a harmony in grey stuff for a best walking-dress. She took the pins out of her mouth before this ejaculation, dropped the stuff, and jumped into the arms of her visitor. "It's Clara!" she repeated. "Three months and more since you've been to see me!"

"Six months and more since you've been to see me, Cousin Nell, if you come to that."

"Well, but you've got nothing to do—not even your dress to make, nor your hat to trim. And see what I've got to do! Pupils all day, off and on. The dinner to order—perhaps father may look in—no one ever knows when he may arrive; the house to look after, the girls get more slovenly every day;



Ad. Birkbeck

This evening, about seven, a young lady, dressed daintily, if not richly, was set down at the end of the street by the tram.

and all my things to make for myself if I want to look nice."

"You always do look nice, Nell."

So she did: a girl much after the style of her cousin, but smaller, a bright and capable girl, good-tempered but sharp-tempered, resolute, quick of speech and of manner, a girl who did things quickly; fair of complexion, like her cousin.

"Whatever you put on, Nell," repeated her cousin, "you always look neat and nice. It's been too bad of me to stay away so long, but I've been a good deal occupied painting, and all kinds of things."

"Society claims young ladies," Nell laughed. "Oh! I know all about the grand people. Madame Elveda's private theatricals are in the penny Society papers: 'Miss Clara Angelo made a charming Esther.' Father saw it and cut it out for me. Well, why shouldn't you go into the best society there is? You've got the money; you've got the finest education in the world; you've got the beauty; you've got the manners. You'll marry a lord—see if you don't! Your father wouldn't mind much if you did."

Clara took off her hat. "Father's gone to a dinner. I've come to have supper and a long talk. Let me help you with your dress, Nell."

"You shall have supper and welcome. Only, Clara, I don't know how you'll like it. There's my lodger."

"A lodger! Here? Why, Nell, what do you want with lodgers?"

"I don't know. Give me one more lodger, and I shall begin to be a widow who's known better days. Father took it into his head that we want to let lodgings. Came here—told me to get ready his room for a lodger. So we've got a lodger. First I thought he must be some friend of father's down on his luck and wanting whisky and soda all day long, with the *Sportsman* to read. But nothing of the kind, my dear. I don't believe he knows the head of a horse from his tail, or the taste of a Scotch and a split. He's just a soft-spoken man who works at wood-carving, and walks up and down the garden, with his hands behind him, thinking."

"A working man? And lodging here?"

"Yes. You know what father is. You mustn't ask about anything. You've just got to do it. Of course, there's some reason behind. Father doesn't send a strange man into the house at five shillings a week for his room—we can do without his five shillings—and fifteen shillings a week for his board—beer and washing extra—without some reason. There's something behind. Shall you mind sitting down to table with a wood-carver by trade? I'm quite ashamed, but you see how it is. And really he is a superior kind of man."

Clara laughed. "You won't put it into a penny Society paper, will you, Nell? I don't mind if you don't. Well, but it's very odd of your father. What's the man's name?"

"He calls himself Ellis, but his name, of course, is something else. Emanuel Ellis he calls himself, but I call him—we're very good friends already—I call him Emanuel. He calls everybody by the first name. You see he is some sort of a gentleman—I don't know what. He's not a common working man, anyhow."

"Wood-carving is one of the Fine Arts. He is an artist. Perhaps he is a Nihilist or something, though why your father should take in a Nihilist I don't know."

"Come into my room and lay down your things." Her own room upstairs overlooked the garden. Nell lifted the gauze blind. "There he is, Clara. He takes his bench and he works there: when he isn't working he walks about thinking. Real working men, mind, don't think—they read the paper. Sometimes he leans over the wall and looks at the toms; real working men never look at toms, they talk in the bar." The lodger, in fact, was walking up and down the narrow strip of garden, his hands behind his back, his head hanging.

"He works for Mortimer Street," Nell went on. "So your father knows him, Clara, as well as mine. He will walk like that for hours; sometimes he will make notes in a pocket-book. He's no common wood-carver."

Just then the lodger lifted his head.

"Why," cried Clara, "I seem to know him! Where have I seen that face before?"

"At meals," said Nell, "he talks like a book. He's been everywhere travelling."

"What does he travel in?" Clara sometimes betrayed, or did not attempt to conceal, her knowledge of commercial methods.

"Nothing. He isn't a business man."

"I'm sure I've seen a face like his. Oh! I know. It is like the face of Francesca's father, that she keeps in her own room with white flowers always round it. I believe she says prayers before it when nobody is looking. Oh! it is the type of the Spanish Jew—our type. You can tell it anywhere. Nelly, I sometimes think that we can't be of the same race as those poor creatures with pasty cheeks and hollow chests that you see in Whitechapel. We must be descended from Joshua's captains. These poor creatures are the Gibeonites."

Nell dropped the curtain and they went downstairs again.

There was something more than the lodger to talk about: nor had Clara come for nothing but a simple call and a supper. The girls began by making talk—to keep off the inevitable. Clara asked about business; Nell talked about her pupils and their ambitions, which mostly pointed to the boards of the Music-Hall. Then that dropped, and then Clara plunged into the real business of the day.

"You've got something more to tell me, Nell. What was it you meant?"

Nell picked up her work and bent over it to hide her burning cheeks. "Clara," she said, "what am I to do? He won't take No for an answer."

"But, Nell, what do you mean? The thing's quite—quite impossible."

"How can it be impossible? It is done over and over again."

"But you can't do it—you must not think of it. Why—it's madness! Do you know what it means? To give up your religion and your people and all?"

"I tell him so. He says that if I really and truly loved

him I should be ready to give up everything and follow him."

"But, Nell, you surely don't mean that you love him—love him—love a Christian?"

Nell bent her head lower.

"You must give him up, Nell," Clara said eagerly. "You must. Do you hear? You must."

Nell made no reply.

"Oh! my dear—think—never to see any of your own People again—not me—nor my father—nor your own father—nor our cousins! To go right away from all the People's traditions and our inheritance, and the promises—to join the Gentiles who have persecuted us for ages—and would still persecute us if they dared—but we are too rich and strong for them—to take up with the religion which we have always despised—even at our lowest and worst—Nell—you must not—you must not!"

Nell still made no reply. Clara caught her hands. "Nell, dear," she said, "you will promise to think no more about this nonsense—won't you? You must promise. It would break your father's heart. Oh! Such a disgrace to the family! What does he know about it?"

"Nothing. I am afraid to tell him," the girl whispered.

"Afraid to tell him? What is there then to tell? Oh! Nell—you haven't! . . . Oh! you haven't!"

Nell threw off her cousin's hands and sprang to her feet. "I have, then! I've promised. Oh, Clara! it's all very well for you. Your father is rich: you live in a great house and have carriages and servants and everything: you will have plenty of money all your life: you can choose the best: you are pretty!"

"I am not so pretty as you, Nell."

"You are. And dressed ten times as well. If there is any young man of the People that any girl might like to marry, you can have him. What about me? I sit here alone all day! No friends ask me out! There's nobody to talk to except my pupils! When father is at home he sits in his room all the time adding up figures—he never talks to me even at meals. Sometimes he says 'How's business, Nell?' Sometimes he says, 'Do this, Nell. Do this or that.' Nothing but orders. I never go anywhere—I've got no nice friends. There is no Society for me. If I am to marry, what choice is there? Come with me to Wentworth Street and talk to those cousins of ours. Would you like to marry—actually to marry—one of them? No, Clara, not even your religion would persuade you to do that."

"Which does not mean that you are to take a Christian, Nell."

"What am I to do, then?"

"If we can't find among our own People a husband worth such a wife as you, Nell, you must go without. And who wants you to marry one of our poor cousins? Not your father, Nell, I'm sure."

"And it is all talk of money—money—money, Clara! How can you bear to listen to the talk about money—money—money? Anthony hates money—he's above such considerations—he scorns it."

"Nell, you ought to be wiser than to talk like that. Of course it's money. What have our People got to do? We've got to make ourselves strong, respected, feared. We must be feared before we are respected. There must be no more chance of persecution—no more lower position. How can we become strong? We may produce great men of intellect and science—great artists, great musicians; but that isn't enough, because even among us a very great intellect only shows now and then. Besides, science and art and philosophy don't make money, so they are scorned. We must make money if we want to become powerful. At their own game—I mean the business of money-making—which occupies ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred, we must beat them. And we do beat them. Yes, we do beat them. And they know it. They would persecute us again if they could, because our cleverness frightens them—it humiliates them. Nell, don't talk nonsense about the money-making. Leave that to those who pretend to despise what they cannot get; leave it to your fine Christian lover, if you dare to acknowledge that you have one." The girl spoke with the vehemence of one who had to defend the pursuit of money if she would retain her self-respect.

"Well, then, Clara, I have got a lover, and he is a Christian—that is to say, he doesn't care what religion I belong to so as he is free. So, there, what is going to happen, how it will end, I don't know. I think he will have his own way, he is so masterful. And he won't take No for an answer, and what am I to do? And it is terribly dull all alone here."

"Not taking No and being married, Nell, are two different things—wait till your father hears about it."

"You won't tell him, Clara?" she cried eagerly. "You won't interfere? If you do, I will run away. This very day, I will."

"No; I won't say a word if you will never let anybody know that I was in the secret. But Nell—Nell—oh! it is dreadful to think of."

"Wait till you see him and hear him talk: then you will understand. As for our People, oh, Clara, it is all very well when you live with the rich, but if you lived nearer the other end you would not be so grand with your glorious past and your glorious future. Wait till you see my Anthony."

"What is he, Nell—a clerk?"

"Oh, no! much better than that. He is in a chemical works—science is his line. You can smell the works a mile off when the wind blows the right way. And he's musical as well—I taught him the banjo. That's how it began. When you sit together, you know, with nothing but the instrument between, and your eyes meeting and your fingers touching—he's got a light and rather pretty handling of the instrument, though he won't practise, and a nice voice. Sometimes he says he shall give up science and go in for Art, meaning the music-hall boards. And then, besides, he's just tremendous when he gets upon tyrants and the House of Lords. Sometimes he says he shall give up everything in order to get the people their rights. He's a beautiful talker, and handsome, Clara. . . . Oh!"

"A Radical!" There was scorn in the expression. "As for me, I am on the side where law and order make it possible for people to make money. Suppose the Socialists were to get in, where would our money be?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I've got no money. Not that Anthony is a Socialist. He's coming this evening, Clara, to supper—that is why I wanted you to come to-night. And—and—if there are one or two things said that you don't approve, you won't say anything, will you?"

"I'll have no hand in it, mind."

"You sha'n't. He's just a gentleman friend dropping in to supper. Any gentleman might do that, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," Clara replied, with a ghost of a smile. But she looked ill at ease.

"What are his people, Nell?"

"His father runs a little newspaper, but I don't see how he can make it pay. He's a curious man, rather like a gentleman; a soft-spoken man with far-off eyes. I believe he has been to sea. He talks pretty. He wants everybody to see what is right and then to do it. That's his father. His mother—well, you know, I suppose, we've all of us got some trouble with our relations; they were invented so as we shouldn't be too happy—think of our own cousins in that little shop!—Anthony's mother is a kind of troublesome relation. She drinks awful—oh! it's a terrible thing. Anthony can't live at home—only goes to see his father now and then at his office. Hush! here he comes."

Mr. Anthony Hayling presented the appearance of one who ought to have been a gentleman but had somehow, at some critical moment, taken a wrong turning. His features were very nearly handsome, his stature was tall, his figure good, his carriage upright. His eyes, however, were too bright and restless, his lips too thin, his head too small, his profile too sketchy, and his taste in dress too imitative, at a distance, of Piccadilly. His light hair curled all over his head, and his upper lip was adorned with a fringe very carefully groomed. In his buttonhole, of course, he carried a white flower.

He arrived just before supper-time, and at once entered upon an easy and graceful conversation about himself and his own greatness. We are too apt to consider that personal pride should be based upon something that the world respects—rank, wealth, intellect. Here, however, was a small employé in certain chemical works with all the vanity of a full-blown peacock. Clara listened with dislike and contempt. It would be difficult, she thought, to find among her own People a young man so shallow and so vain. Poor Nell!

Presently supper was laid, the two girls lending a hand. Then the lodger appeared.

"Emanuel," said Nell, "this is my cousin Clara, and this is my friend Anthony."

The lodger bowed, not at all like a working man, Clara observed. She also observed that he went through the ceremony of a grace before meat. Then he took his seat and sat in silence listening to the facile flow of the young man with interest, as if he were considering a specimen.

Anthony took no notice of him. Such young men have small respect for grey hairs: they are an outward sign, not of wisdom, but of being "used up"—which proves that physical strength is still the thing most regarded in some circles. Emanuel, to Anthony Hayling, was only an old man. Old age begins earlier on some social levels than on others. Among the younger working men a man is considered middle-aged at thirty, old at forty, well-nigh past work at fifty, and senile at sixty. At seventy he is disgracefully trespassing beyond the limits allowed to life.

Emanuel, then, sat in silence; Clara, watching him, observed that his manners at table were very far beyond what one expects of an ordinary working man. She set him down for some person under a cloud, the nature of which was known to her uncle and her father; and that for some reason or other it was best for him to be in seclusion for a while. Then she returned to the study of this illegal lover; and she observed, to her disquiet, an illustration in fact of the abominable French proverb: "Il y a toujours un qui aime et l'autre qui est aimé." In this case it was the young man who received, tolerated, and even encouraged the passion of the girl. Poor Nell showed her devotion in a hundred ways: it caused her lover's glass of beer to overflow: it covered his fruit tart with sugar: it emphasised his talk with eyes of admiration and murmurous words of assent. One has observed similar symptoms in maidens of still loftier station. Anthony received these attentions with a kind of superior condescension. They were due to him, in his own opinion, as to the superior animal, by the girl who was engaged to him.

"I'm a man of Science, Miss Angelo," Anthony recalled her attention by addressing her personally; his talk had been of that copious, facile, commonplace, day-before-yesterday wisdom to which one gladly closes the ear of attention. "I am a man of Science, I've passed examinations. And I am a man of Art, too. I will play and sing to you presently, if you like. And I'm a Social Reformer, too."

"Three rolled into one!" cried the admiring Nell. "Think of that, Clara!"

"It's unusual," the young man continued, modestly and awkward. "Because one doesn't know which line to take up for choice. It's this way, as Nell knows. If I stick to the works—where I am already indispensable—What we should do without Hayling, the Manager said only this morning, 'I don't know'—that's what he said, Nell."

"He knows a good man when he's got one," the girl replied.

"Well—if I stay there, some day I shall become manager—a thousand a year—that's all—only a thousand a year. But what's money compared with position? I never allow money to decide anything. Suppose I go on the Music-Hall boards—why, worse singers and players than me make their fifty pounds a week—of course it's hard work, I know, and the public is uncertain—but still—fifty pounds a week! Then, again, it isn't the money, but the position! No one in the world cares for money less than me. Well—But suppose I jack up both and go into the House—you should have heard my speech last March at the Parliament—there's certain glory waiting for me to pick it up—only one has got to live."

"Anthony is the one to lead the people," said Nell. "No one like him for that."

"Not since Charley Bradlaugh went under," Anthony replied modestly. "You come some night, Miss Angelo, and hear me speak."

"Are you a Socialist, Mr. Hayling?"

"Socialist? Not exactly," he answered, "Socialist? That means everybody getting the same pay, the skulk and the sneak and the blackleg, with the worker. Not good enough for me. I want every man to have what he earns—all he earns. What he makes is his—for himself—no Socialist rot for me; no working for other people; not to share a penny with the skulks: not to give a penny to make any lazy middleman rich; and not to pay taxes to keep any class in idleness."

"Are you going to take their money from the poor people who are rich, then?"

"Not in the way you think; I am only going to make their money of no use to them, that's all. Strikes you as original, that idea, doesn't it? I don't give it away to everybody, you know. If we choose to say that there shall be no more rich people there will be no more, and that in less time than you can understand."

"How will you do that, Mr. Hayling?"

"Quite easily," he replied in his light and airy way. "We shall just stop paying any interest: no more dividends: we shall take over the gas, the water, the trains, trams, and omnibuses: we shall make interest illegal. What more do you want?"

Clara laughed. "You will find it very easy indeed." "As soon as I begin you shall see the splinters fly. First, I shall make myself what my father wanted to be but couldn't, a leader of the people. If preaching would settle the labour question, Dad would have settled it long ago. But there, perhaps after all I shall stay at the works."

"Don't," said Nell. "Go into the House and be Prime Minister."

"Perhaps—perhaps. All I can say is that the last time I talked with—well—before strangers"—he nodded, very politely, in the direction of Emanuel—"I can't tell you his name, but you'd be surprised if you knew who he was. 'Young man,' he said, 'you are the sort we want in the House. If I'd fifty with me like you'—but I mustn't repeat all he said. A Cabinet Minister draws five thousand. Hang the money! Think of the position!"

"His father," said Nell, admiringly, "is proprietor, I told you, of a Labour Organ. His name is Anthony Hayling, too! Emanuel started. 'He is a very clever man, which explains'—she nodded sideways, indicating the intellect of the son."

Emanuel looked up, suddenly taking an interest in the conversation.

"Your name," he said, "is Anthony Hayling, is it? Eighteen years ago I knew one Anthony Hayling. He was then an officer on a sailing-ship in which I took a voyage from Malaga to Alexandria. Your face as well as your name reminds me of him."

"Yes," Anthony answered carelessly. "Father was a sailor for a long time. He gave it up about a dozen years ago, and came here to muddle away his money on his Labour Organ, which working men won't read. I dare say he was your friend. If you want to see him you can find him at his office." The appearance of the stranger, with his gentle look and soft voice, did not attract him. "What was I saying?" he went on. "Oh! yes. If I were to go in for politics I should lecture and organise."

"On what subjects would you lecture, young man?" asked Emanuel.

"Social economy! I don't suppose," Anthony added with consideration, "that you know what it means."

"Perhaps not. What would you organise, young man?"

"Strikes, old man, strikes! There have been strikes already, but skittles and beer compared to what I shall arrange. Wealth isn't silver and gold. It's shares. Strikes! Keep on striking. Ruin the shares. Destroy the dividends. That's the way to destroy Capital—which is investments."

"I have heard of that way. It has been tried for thirty years and more. Capital has been injured, perhaps, but more has been created. Capital goes on growing while there is peace. It will go on growing, if not here, then elsewhere. I could show you, perhaps, a better way than that."

"Oh!"—the future gladiator of the platform was aroused by this opposition. He changed colour and his bright eyes flashed dangerously. "You know a better plan, do you? You know a better way—*you*! And who are you, and how did you get at your better way? You're not an Englishman, to begin with—you're a foreigner. Well, bring out your better plan."

"In good time—in my own good time, young man." "Well, then, listen to this, and then take a back seat, and hope that nobody will see you. When there is no more dividend there is no more capital. Shares that produce nothing can't be sold. When there's nothing to sell, the workman takes over the plant and runs the show for himself: now then."

"There is a better way." Emanuel rose from the table—supper was finished. "Perhaps, young man"—he spoke as one having authority—"for the sake of your father, if he proves to be my old and esteemed friend, and after consultation with him, and if you are worthy to be his son, I may impart to you that better way." He bowed to the girls and retired.

"Worthy?" Anthony Hayling rubbed his forehead with bewilderment. The thing was incredible. "Me—worthy? Me—the son of my father? Who is he, anyhow, Nell? What does he know? What does he mean?"

"He's father's lodger, Mr. Emanuel Ellis. That's all I know. Don't mind him, Anthony."

"Well, Nell: you'd better advise him—he don't know our ways—if he doesn't want a rough-and-tumble, to keep a civil tongue in his head. Old as he is, I've seen older men knocked off a platform before now. Me—worthy? Well, never mind."

The style of the singing was like that of his social philosophy, imitated and borrowed. He handled his banjo with apparent ease, which disguised his very limited mastery of the instrument, and his voice, musical but thin, had caught something of the touch and go which some music-hall artists affect.

"When I sang that song," he said, after his third and last performance, "to the Manager of the 'Olympian,' he just slapped me on the shoulder. 'My boy,' he says, 'at our little shop alone there's ten pound a week waiting for you to pick up.'"

"Ten pound a week!" echoed Nell, with a triumphant glance at her cousin. "Fancy that! Ten pound a week!"

At half-past ten Clara walked down the street with this young leader of the future. He was interesting. He was so confident, so ready for fighting, that she almost felt as if the battle was already lost to her friends—

the weakest Cause looks strong when there appears a man in battle array as its Champion, even though a whole army be drawn out against him: it was not Goliath only whom David defeated, but the multitude of the Philistines behind him.

In the course of a single hour this young man had destroyed every institution in the country: he had pulled everything down and rebuilt it upon his own style of architecture. It was as if on the side of Westminster Abbey were erected houses of small streets after the fashion of the Hinterland of Mile-End Road—houses for the honest, intelligent, earnest working men. And so on—and so on. We know the kind of talk. It may be inspired by a noble generosity, it may be founded on imitation and vanity. It is, however, the most remarkable sign of the times that everywhere, on every level, every young man is now engaged more or less in considering the questions of social conservation or social revolution. To most of these young men comes the vision of a new world. Even to this shallow young pretender, who stole his ideas and his phrases, there may have been some kind of dream. He knew nothing, but he had, perhaps—an inheritance from his father—a glimmering of a desire for justice. Dreams of the hardness of men's hearts, of their selfishness, of their dishonesty, never have a chance of a hearing. But only to dream impossible things prevents mankind from sinking back into the ancient hopelessness. And the more these things are preached, the wider these ideas are spread, the more difficult becomes the position of the sweater and the grinder. Because, you see, the world is growing gradually to despise the sweater, and nobody likes to be despised. Therefore, let us encourage the dreamers, even the shallow-brain who steals his dreams.

Clara walked beside the young man in silence. At the end of the street she stopped. "I take a tram here," she said. "One word, Mr. Hayling. You know that I am Nell's cousin. She has told me something to-day which pains me inexpressibly."

"What's that?"

"That you and she are engaged."

"Well? Why should that pain you?"

"Because it is forbidden by our religion. We marry only with our own People. If Nell leaves her home to marry you, she will have to give up her religion, her father, her relations, her own People—everything. She will come to you without a single friend to wish her happiness or to stand by her in trouble."

"Well, Miss Angelo," said the young man airily, "when she comes to me I will give her another religion—she can take whatever she pleases, for all I care. I will be her father, her relations, her People—everything. If that's all, good-night."

He nodded his head without raising his hat, laughed, and turned away.

(To be continued)



Nell's pupils—their ambitions mostly pointed to the boards of the Music-Hall.

What's coming is this, Miss Angelo. Nell knows. "It isn't what you expect. It isn't Socialism. That means the capable working for the incapable. We're not going to stand any such rot as that. Ours is to be the reign of the working man; everything is to belong to the man who made it; everything is to be sold in national stores for the man who made it. No living on the work and brains of others, no idle men; as for getting rich, every man will get as rich as he can by means of his own labour, but he won't be able to buy the labour of anybody else, nor the land, nor will he be able to get interest for his money, and there will be pensions for everybody."

"Isn't it wonderful, Clara?" cried Nell. "He works it all out like a pattern."

"I think, Mr. Hayling, that you have hardly considered the difficulties."

"That is what they all say. The old difficulty is the combination of the men. And there was never a better chance of Universal Combination than to-day. Well, but as I was saying, perhaps I shall stay at the works after all—and perhaps I shall go on the boards."

"Now take the banjo, Anthony, and show Clara how beautifully you can sing and play."



ON THE HOMEWARD WAY.

IN CLUBLAND.

No. III.

The Athenæum.

shall otherwise be overrun with all the pretenders to literature and the arts, than whom there is not anywhere a more odious race."

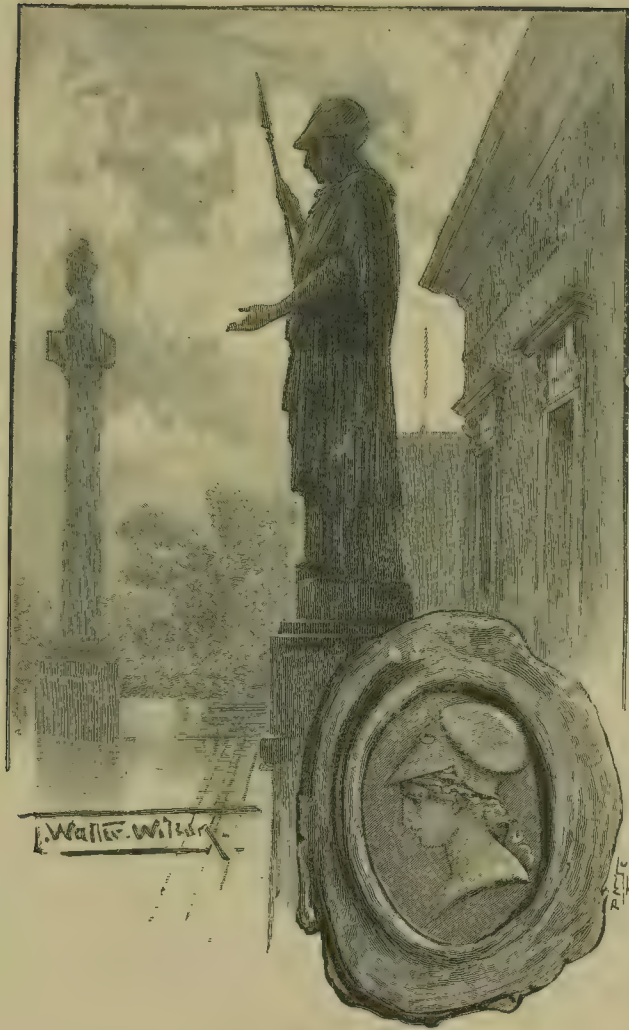
On Feb. 16, 1824, the committee held a preliminary meeting in the apartments of the Royal Society. The following were present: The Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Francis Chantrey, The Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Sir Humphry Davy, Lord Dover, Davies Gilbert, Sir Henry Hallford, Charles Hatchett, Richard Heber, Joseph Jekyll, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, and Thomas Young. It was then definitely decided that a club should be formed under the designation of "The Society," and about eighty candidates were selected. Subsequent meetings took place at 22, New Street, Spring Gardens, the residence of Mr. Jekyll, and by the end of April 380 out of the 400 members had been elected, servants were being engaged, and wine ordered.

The committee found a temporary home at 12, Waterloo Place, and on May 26 they celebrated taking possession by a dinner, at which it was resolved that the number should be increased to 600 (at an entrance-fee of ten guineas and an annual subscription of five), and that the title should be changed to "The Athenæum." Professor Faraday, who had hitherto given his services, was compelled to decline the offer now made him of the secretaryship, at a salary of £100 a-year, "finding the occupation incompatible with his pursuits." He was admitted as an honorary member, and was succeeded, at his recommendation, by Edward Magrath, his assistant at the Royal Institution. On June 22 the first printed "List of Members" was issued—a quarto sheet. In this the object of the club is clearly defined: "The Athenæum is instituted for the association of individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of Science, Literature, or the Arts." It is of interest to notice, as illustrating the foresight of the founders, that among the 506 enumerated there were, besides Lord Liverpool, the following seven future Prime Ministers: Canning, Ripon, Wellington, Peel, Russell, Aberdeen, and Palmerston. In addition to these we find the most eminent men of the age, and of all this brilliant throng there remains in 1893 but a single survivor—the much-respected

Mr. John Lettson Elliot, who until quite recently frequented the rooms which must be to him haunted with memories of the past.

The club prospered from the first: the cooking was pronounced excellent, and Croker reported to Lord Hertford that "it is said to shine in Irish stews and pancakes." In May 1827 there were 270 candidates, and no vacancies, and it became pressingly necessary to look for a permanent and more commodious abode. The locality originally contemplated was the neighbourhood of Union (Trafalgar) Square, but Carlton House being in process of demolition, the committee fixed upon a part of the courtyard as a suitable position for their new premises. After some preliminary difficulties respecting a portion of the land which was in private hands, Government assigned the present site for a term of ninety-nine years at a ground rent of £360 12s. Decimus Burton was appointed architect, and by the general meeting in 1827 his designs and plans for a house in the Grecian style, to measure externally 104 ft. by 78 ft., had been approved, and the tender of the builders accepted.

At last the scaffolding was cleared away, and, despite a few adverse criticisms, the external appearance of the club met with general approval. The house, indeed, exhibits beautiful lines, and the parts are well proportioned. The piercing of the windows and their relation to the wall-space will strike everyone possessed of true architectural feeling. The portico has a very stately air. The balcony is extremely elegant, and interesting as a specimen of iron-work treated on Grecian principles. Of a winter's night, when the building is lit up from top to bottom, the effect is as of something imposing and palatial, and the tall windows are revealed in all their grace. The actual cost of the building, &c., was £34,249 2s. 6d.; but it had to be furnished, and additional plate, linen, and glass provided, so that the premises were not ready for occupation before £43,101 14s. 8d. had been expended. On Feb. 6, 1830, about thirty of those who had served on committees held a dinner to celebrate the opening. In their old domicile parties had been given every week, but these were now superseded by a series of soirées on a larger scale. Sir Charles Lyell, in writing to his sister, remarks: "It is . . . fitted up in a style which I must say would be ridiculous, except for receiving ladies. . . ."



THE CLUB SEAL.

THE ATHENÆUM owes its origin mainly to the exertions of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. That energetic Secretary of the Admiralty, best remembered by the present generation as the much criticised editor of Boswell's "Johnson," had long entertained the idea of a club which should consist mainly of authors, men of letters, and artists. The notion at length took practical shape, and on Nov. 23, 1823, he wrote to Sir Humphry Davy, then President of the Royal Society: "We must lay down clearly and positively, as our first rule, that no one shall be eligible except gentlemen who have either published some literary or professional work, or a paper in the 'Philosophical Transactions'; members of the Royal Academy; Trustees (not official) of the British Museum; hereditary and life Governors of the British Institution. The latter will open our doors to the patrons of the arts. I do not see any other classes which could be admitted, unless bishops and judges, who are *par état* literary men, although they may not have published any work." Sir H. Davy took up the project with enthusiasm, and in his reply suggested it should include men of science and members of both Houses of Parliament. A prospectus, signed by Michael Faraday as secretary, was issued; Croker and Davy proceeded to form a committee, and it is through the wise judgment they exercised in sending invitations and in making selections from the enormous number of applicants that the success of the undertaking was assured from the outset. Among the earliest to co-operate was Thomas Moore, who records in his journal under date Dec. 14: "Received a note from Croker proposing that I should belong to a new Club"; and a few days later he writes: "Lord L. [Lansdowne] will belong . . . but bid me impress upon Croker strongly the necessity of keeping it select, as we



THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL-MALL.

Some of our members grumbled at the invasion, and retreated into the library, but now the women fill it every Wednesday evening, as well as the newspaper-room, and seem to examine every corner with something of the curiosity with which we should like to pry into a harem. These réunions were, however, highly appreciated by others, and by no one more than by Mr. Walker, of the *Original*. In the month of June a committee was appointed to elect 100 out of the 1000 candidates. Of this committee, Lord Farnborough was selected as representing the Peerage, Croker the Commons, Bishop Copleston the Clergy, Lord Wensleydale the Law, Sir W. Napier the Army and Navy, Moore general Literature, Chantrey the Arts, and Davies Gilbert and Sedgwick the Sciences. These held frequent meetings, and though he calls it "an honourable but troublesome trust," Moore adds afterwards, "I could not, indeed, have anticipated that thirteen men should have got on together at once so cautiously and smoothly; and the last list tells well, I think, for the conscientious part of the business."

To turn to the interior. From Waterloo Place some half-a-dozen steps lead into the Roman-Doric entrance portico, supported by six fluted columns and having a frieze ornamented with triglyphs. It was once when descending this flight that

The poet of Hope,
Brimful of good liquor, as gay as the Pope,
lost his equilibrium, and thereby gave occasion to the convivial companion arm-in-arm with him to remark—"Not

Iser rolling rapidly,
but *we*, Sir!" The portico is surmounted by Baily's majestic statue of Athena, who is represented holding out her prone hand as if to welcome her worshippers into her temple. The somewhat unprotected situation of the goddess has given rise to the following lines—

All ye who pass by, just stop and behold,
And say, Don't you think it a sin,
That Minerva herself is left out in the cold,
While her *owls* are all gorging within?

Pushing open two pairs of folding-doors (with, in the vestibule between, the porter's lobby to the left and a small waiting-room to the right), we enter the hall. This has always been justly admired, and a considerable amount of accommodation has been sacrificed to it. It is finely proportioned, and underwent in 1891 an elaborate re-decoration. Græco-Roman in character, under the personal superintendence of Messrs. Alma-Tadema, R.A., E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Arthur Lucas. Eight ivory-white pillars, with gilded capitals copied from the choragic monument of Lysicrates, support the wagon roof, which is adorned with compositions after the designs of Mr. Alma-Tadema. The walls are painted in primrose yellow of various tints. The front hall is dadoed with pavonazetto and other coloured marbles, the back with green cipolino, while part of the staircase is panelled with fine slabs of breccia. The floor is Roman mosaic. The pendent chandeliers are very classical.



Mr. J. L. Elliot.

Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P.

THE MORNING ROOM, ATHENÆUM CLUB.

Here, again, the Græc spirit will be noted in the fireplaces on either side and the niches above them. These are occupied by statues (the "Venus Victrix," and the "Diana Roving") chosen by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. This

distinguished artist gave other much valued advice, and attended a meeting of the committee only two days before his death.

The hall is always a busy spot. It is a place of meetings. Loungers gather to indulge in that pleasant fragmentary talk which can be carried on standing, or to discuss items of news continually coming in. It is here that a visitor is received, and while waiting for his friend he may spend the few moments, perhaps not unpleasantly, recognising in many a passing face that of some man of mark known to him previously only through his portrait. The array of episcopal hats on the pegs will remind the stranger of Sir W. Harcourt's speech in Parliament in the course of which he asserted that "if you went by the Athenæum Club every other gentleman you met wore a shovel-hat and an apron." Mr. Lettson Elliot remembers on one occasion seeing here the four Archbishops and Cardinal Manning engaged in close conversation. The barometer is associated with Theodore Hook's boyish pranks, for it was one of his amusements to alter the index from time to time in a somewhat erratic manner. This caused considerable inconvenience to the older members, who were wont to regulate their "airings" by the weather-glass, and the committee had to order the key to be removed and kept in the custody of a responsible person!

At the foot of the staircase took place the reconciliation of the two great novelists of the age after their unfortunate estrangement—Thackeray hurrying after Dickens (who had passed him without speaking) and insisting on their shaking hands, saying he could not bear there should any longer be ill-feeling between them. It was also at the "Palladium," as Thackeray dubbed it, that they met for the last time. "I saw him," writes Dickens, "shortly before Christmas, . . . when he told me he had been in bed three days, that after these attacks he was troubled with cold shiverings which quite took the power out of him, and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy, which he laughingly described. . . . In the night of that day week he died." It may be noted incidentally that Dickens, though he frequented the club, did not consider himself a popular member, and rarely spoke unless previously addressed. The hall has witnessed several sad scenes. Here expired suddenly Bransby Cooper, author of many medical works and nephew of the still more



Mr. Justice Mathew.

Sir John Bridge.

Mr. Justice Day.
Bishop of Salisbury.

Mr. Justice Smith.

Mr. Justice Cave.

Mr. Justice Jeune.

THE HALL OF THE ATHENÆUM, 4.30 P.M.

distinguished Sir Astley; and it was on leaving it that the popular artist "Dicky" Doyle was attacked by a fatal fit of apoplexy.

To the right of the hall is the newspaper or morning room. This was redecorated in the autumn of 1892. The ceiling was painted after designs by Mr. Poynter in blue and gold after an old Venetian pattern, and in this, as in the other apartments on the ground floor, the old windows were replaced with plate-glass in polished mahogany frames. It contains a bust of Milton, a legacy of Anthony Trollope. Here, for seven days previous to a ballot, are arranged long cards, each of which bears the name of a candidate and of his proposer and seconder. Those who think proper to testify to his eligibility may subscribe their signatures, and these

tained by Lord Houghton, Earl Stanhope, and others in 1868, and regret was expressed in the *Times* that many who were desirous of attending were precluded by the limited space available.

Many Cabinet Ministers of successive Administrations, glad to be free from party ties, are wont to take their luncheon in this safe retreat, and even in a Long Vacation as many as six of those actually in office have

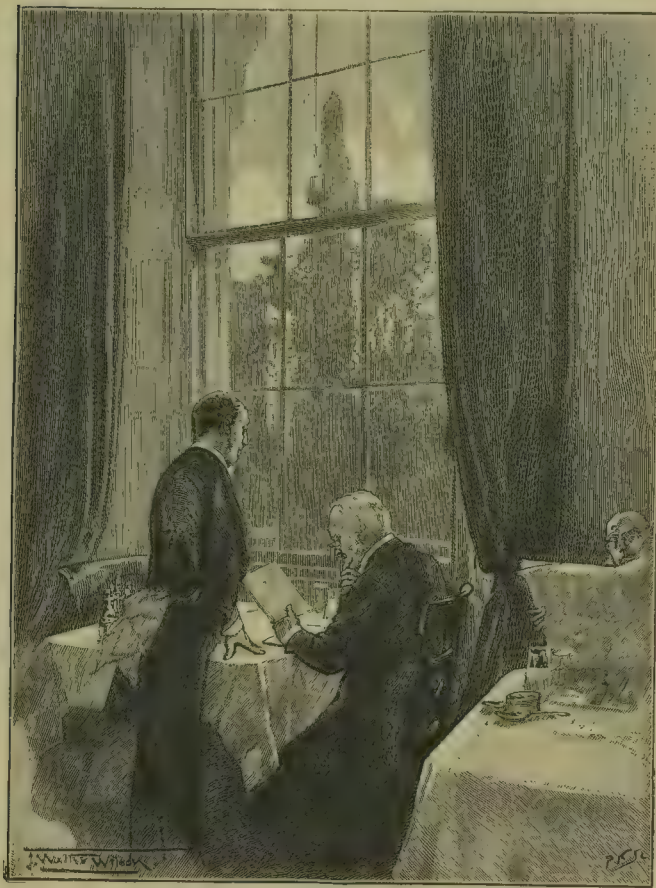
been observed here at the same time. Of the tables, the most historic is the round one at the north-east angle. Here Theodore Hook was accustomed to sit, and from the euphonious designations he gave to the gin-punch and other stronger beverages he so repeatedly demanded, asking the intelligent waiters in his gurgling, deep voice for "a little more toast - and - water," "another tumbler of lemonade," or "a cup of tea," the name "Temperance Corner" survives to this day. Once, on his bill being brought, he noticed he was charged for ten (!) glasses of brandy, and objected, declaring he was positive he had "only nine." "But, Sir," explained the attendant, "you forget the one you had before you sat down!" The statement so often quoted from the *Quarterly Review*, that after his disappearance dinners fell off to the number of 300 a-year, is exaggerated. This place, in the neighbourhood of the fire, was also the favourite of Abraham Hayward, the brilliant essayist, and thus it also came to be known as "Abraham's Bosom," and "Hayward's Heath." Hayward himself was accustomed to refer to his coterie (usually a quartet or a quintet) as "the Society." Foremost among these was his closest friend, "Eöthen" Kinglake; and among others were Chénery, then editing the *Times*, and Lord O'Hagan, while very possibly some foreigner of



Anthony Trollope. Abraham Hayward. Right Hon. W. E. Forster. Sir George Jessel.

A MEMORABLE WHIST PARTY AT THE ATHENÆUM.

often be heard calling in his most theatrical tone for "Bread, with a dash of black *tay*." In his later years he grew exceedingly deaf: on one occasion he was seated, as was his wont, in the north-west corner, quite unconscious that a violent thunderstorm was in full progress. When it was nearly over, he happened to look out of window, and noticing the wild appearance of the clouds, he remarked to his neighbour, "Dear me, I shouldn't be surprised if we had some thunder!" Owing to this affliction he became quite unconscious of the pitch of his voice, which frequently rose to a roar. Meeting Thackeray here once, he shouted, "Come and sit down, I want to tell you something in private: nobody but you must know of it." He then proceeded, to the no small amazement of those unaware of his infirmity, to pour out in the loudest strains lamentations of the most confidential nature respecting his family matters. James Smith would often trot down here on his grey mare to regale himself with his "cruet" of sherry, and it was



THE COFFEE-ROOM, ATHENÆUM CLUB.

certificates have in many instances become so crowded with remarkable autographs that they have been reproduced by photography.

Adjoining this is the writing-room, with its two windows facing Pall Mall. Here hangs Opie's portrait of Doctor Johnson, presented by Mr. Humphry Ward.

At the back is the servants' staircase, lavatories, &c., with bath and dressing rooms on the mezzanine storey.

On the left of the hall is the dining-room, 75 ft. by 30 ft. by 25 ft., having five windows fronting the garden and two facing Waterloo Place. It was redecorated in 1892, and its ceiling and walls richly ornamented after Pompeian designs by Mr. Poynter. Although the stranger is not admitted within its gates, he may, perhaps, be fortunate enough to be bidden to one of the "Members' Dinners," which are occasionally given in the room opposite. Americans will recollect that Longfellow was enter-

distinction, such as Montalembert or Thiers, would join the party. Thackeray, a constant frequenter, usually sat at this table. Dickens dined sometimes at that in the south-east window, but his luncheon (which mainly consisted of a sandwich or so) was generally taken standing, or while striding about the room. Here Darwin would dine "like a gentleman, or, rather, like a lord, for I am sure the first evening... I felt just like a duke. I am full of admiration for the Athenæum," he proceeds, "one meets so many people there that one likes to see." Here Charles Kemble might



THE LIBRARY OF THE ATHENÆUM.

THE ATHENÆUM: AUTOGRAPHS FROM A VOLUME OF THE CANDIDATES' BOOK.

Matthew Arnold

Liphaut

Overstone

Paul. MacLise

Macaulay



Stephens

W. Poltisswoode

Raffin & Smith

Robt. Murchison

J. Lichfield
J. A. Cantuar

Ch. Darwin
Mrs. E. Montefiore
J. Hodgson

Charles Dickens

Landauer

J. Jessel

Robert Browning

Walter Collins

A. W. Kinglake
Brydston
R. M. M. M.

Oxon: }
W. J. Oxon: }
C. J. Oxon: }
J. F. Oxon: }

{ Leston }
{ Lytton }

Granville

Arthur P. Stanley

Stanhope

W. E. Fenter

M. H. Fere.

Larendox A. Hayward

Rich. C. French

Chas. L. Long

Ly. M. M.

W. W. Hewell

Anthony Trollope

G. M. M.

Geo. Gilbert Scott



here that J. W. M. Turner, when told of Haydon's awful death, startled the already sufficiently horrified Maclise by the enigmatic query, "Why did he stab his mother?" Crabb Robinson—who in his Diary alludes to his election and membership as constituting "an epoch in" and "one of the great elements of" his "ordinary life"—made it his rule to fast one day every week in order to enjoy better his feasts here on the other six! Among the more constant *habitués* of whom club anecdotes might be related did space allow, we may mention Mr. Justice Maule, Sir Edwin Landseer, Colonel Watkins, A. S. Laing (the police-magistrate), Dean Waddington, Sir B. Brodie, and the Duke of Newcastle—who, it is worth noting, preferred to undergo the ordeal of ballot, instead of coming in under the rule which empowers the committee to elect Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, Judges, Ambassadors, &c., as extraordinary members. Lord Palmerston, it is said, dined here once only: on this occasion he was so delighted with the cuisine that he offered the *chef* £15 more than he was actually receiving, and carried him home in triumph. It may be of interest to learn that in 1832 17,323 dinners were served, each at a cost averaging 2s. 9½d., as against 3s. 6d., the average in 1892.

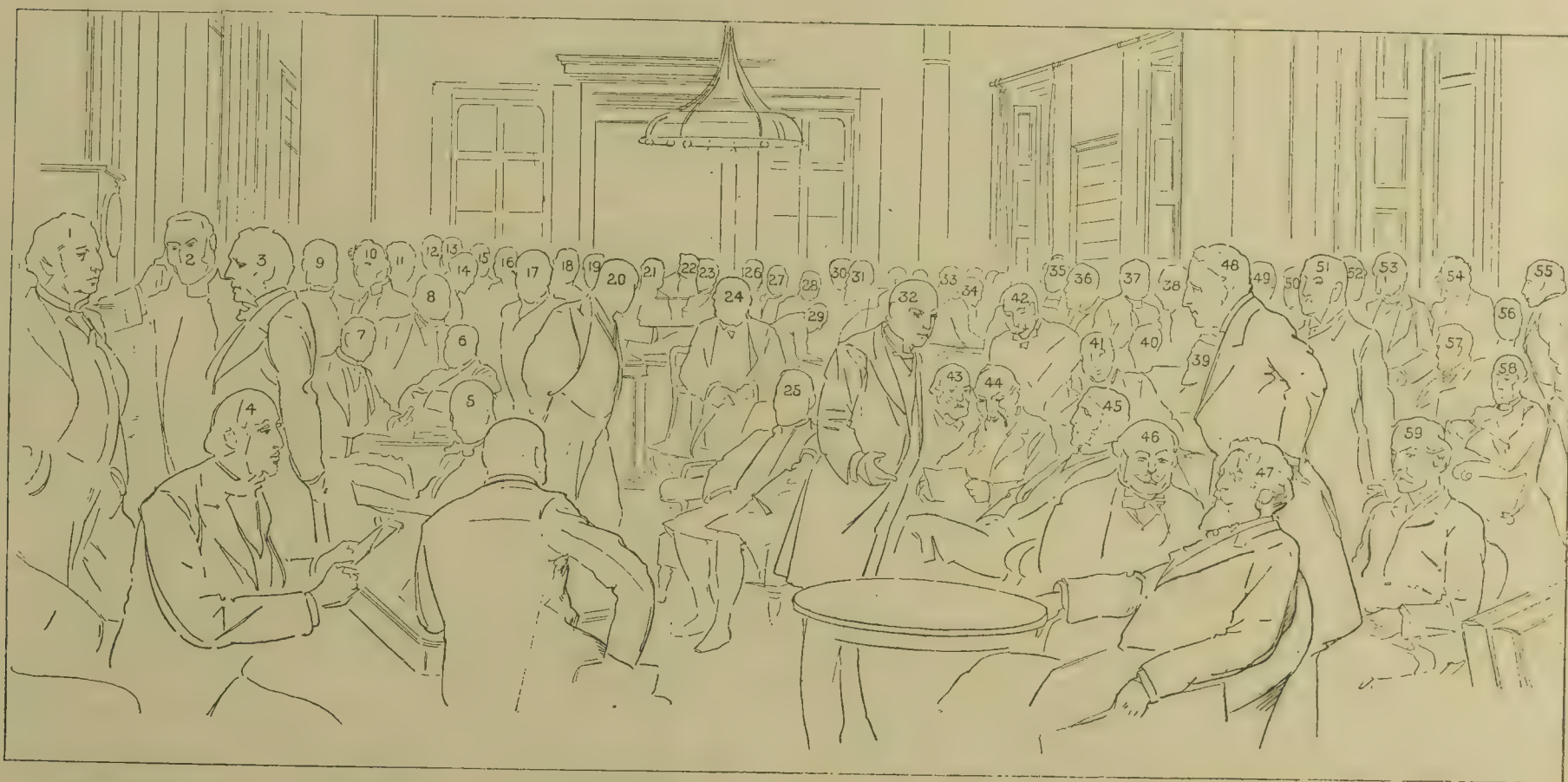
From the dining to the smoking room is a natural transition, and, descending to the basement, we reach it through a lobby flanked with volumes of newspapers, periodicals, &c., presided over by busts of famous Englishmen. When the club was built the necessity for a *fumoir* was not contemplated, and for the few to whom tobacco in the form of snuff was not sufficient Mr. Magrath used to make up parties in his sanctum. The present room, with a circular skylight, is excavated beneath the garden on

During the latter years of his life this was the favourite resort of Sydney Smith. An interesting figure seen here occasionally was Prince Lucien Bonaparte, his marked Napoleonic features rousing strange memories. Isaac D'Israeli, in his blue brass-buttoned coat and knee-breeches, was a frequent *habitué*, while among others seen constantly here till more recent times we may mention the Rev. W. Harness (Byron's friend), Matthew Arnold, Archbishop Thomson, Professor J. D. Forbes, the Duke of Cleveland, Nelson Matcham, Professor Bonamy Price, Lord Sherbrooke, and Cardinal Manning, the last of whom was elected while attending the Vatican Council. It was while working as usual at the end of the room in the quiet hours of the morning that Anthony Trollope overheard two clergymen, each of whom was reading different parts of one of his novels, discussing them, and complaining that he introduced the same characters over and over again. "Then one of them fell foul of Mrs. Proudie. It was impossible for me not to hear their words, and almost impossible to hear them and be quiet. I got up, and standing between them, I acknowledged myself to be the culprit. 'As to Mrs. Proudie,' I said, 'I will go home and kill her before the week is over,' and so I did."

The room is most crowded on a Monday afternoon between February and July when a ballot is taking place. On these occasions, by old custom, tea, coffee, &c., are provided. The number of candidates on the books usually exceeds 1600, and at least sixteen years elapse between a nomination and the days of ballot. The boxes are placed at the north-east corner, and as the clock strikes six a crowd collects, anxious to know the result of this crucial test. It

own family? persons whose nature was not gifted with a sense of humour? Such a man would be wrong not to give me a black-ball, or whatever it is called—a negatory nod of his honest, respectable, stupid old head. And I submit to his verdict without the slightest feeling of animosity against my judge. Why, Doctor Johnson would certainly have black-balled Fielding, whom he pronounced 'A dull fellow, Sir; a dull fellow!' and why shouldn't my friend at the Athenæum? . . . If you should ever know the old gentleman (for old I am sure he is, steady and respectable) who objects to me, give him my best compliments, and say I think he was quite right to exercise his judgment honestly, and to act according to that reason with which Heaven has mercifully endowed him. But that he would be slow, I shouldn't in the least object to meet him. . . my Athenæum friend has done no earthly harm to any mortal, but he has established his own character and got a great number of testimonials to mine." He was subsequently elected, on Feb. 25, 1851, and proved of an especially clubbable nature.

At the south-west end of the drawing-room a glazed door leads into the chief glory of the Athenæum—its library. This is a lofty and comfortable apartment, and is lighted by three windows which overlook "the garden. It is completely walled in with books, access to the upper being afforded by two light galleries. As illustrating its growth, we may note that on the club entering the present building it possessed nearly 4000 volumes; in 1844 these had multiplied to 20,300; in 1852 the number was computed at about 31,000; in 1882 they amounted to 48,000; while in 1892 they approximated 60,000. So rapid has



1. Lord Justice Denman.
2. Bishop of London.
3. Duke of Argyll.
4. Mr. Lecky.
5. Canon Farrar.
6. Sir Arthur Sullivan.
7. Dr. Quain.
8. Professor Seeley.
9. Bishop of Winchester.
10. Bishop of Gloucester.

11. Dr. Stainer.
12. Lord Hannen.
13. Dean Bradley.
14. Sir F. Burton.
15. Lord Justice Fry.
16. Sir Charles Hallé.
17. Lord Esher.
18. Justice North.
19. Justice Chitty.
20. Lord Dufferin.

21. Lord Knutsford.
22. Rt. Hon. Hugh Childers.
23. Mr. Speaker Peel.
24. Professor Huxley.
25. Archbishop of Canterbury.
26. Lord Lorne.
27. Bishop of Oxford.
28. Lord Playfair.
29. Bishop of Manchester.
30. Justice Hawkins.

31. Mr. John Evans.
32. Lord Chief Justice.
33. Bishop of Newcastle.
34. Lord Northbrook.
35. Professor Stokes.
36. Mr. H. R. Tedder (Secretary).
37. Canon Duckworth.
38. Dr. Vaughan.
39. Sir John Gilbert.
40. Sir John Lubbock.

41. Mr. John Morley.
42. Mr. Alma-Tadema.
43. Sir Theodore Martin.
44. Lord Kelvin.
45. Mr. G. J. Goschen.
46. Sir Henry Rawlinson.
47. Sir F. Leighton.
48. Baron Pollock.
49. Bishop of Chichester.
50. Sir Rutherford Alcock.

51. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre.
52. Lord Carlingford.
53. Lord Selborne.
54. Mr. Herbert Spencer.
55. Sir Joseph Lister.
56. Sir F. Abel.
57. Lord Sherbrooke.
58. Archbishop of York.
59. Mr. Andrew Lang.

KEY TO LARGE ENGRAVING—THE ATHENÆUM CLUB: BALLOT DAY.

which stood the dining-room of Carlton House. Three or four rubbers are generally going on. Anthony Trollope and Sir George Jessel were constant players. Prominent upon the central fireplace is a fine specimen of the eagle owl (the gift of Gould, the ornithologist), and the walls are decorated with choice engravings. Upstairs there is a second retreat for smokers.

Adjoining is the billiard-room. We may notice here a characteristic statuette of Thackeray (an early work of Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A.), who is represented standing in his accustomed attitude, with chin protruded and hands deep in the pockets of his trousers.

The rest of the basement is occupied by the kitchen and other domestic offices.

Retracing our way, we return to the hall and ascend the grand "flying" staircase, which faces the entrance. This is of an unusual scale, considering the size of the building, and is lighted by an octagonal-domed lantern. The iron banisters and their treatment may be noticed with approval. Opposite us, and over the clock, is a gilded east of the Apollo Belvedere, by George Rennie, while on the gallery are "Eve at the Fountain," and the group of "Poetry and Painting," the work (and the gift) of E. H. Baily, R.A. On the walls beneath are bassi-relievi of Thorwaldsen.

From the landing two doors lead into the drawing-room. This is one of the finest in London, being 100 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and 27 ft. high, and occupies the whole of the east side of the house. This is essentially a cheerful apartment, and the chief resort for reading and conversation. Five o'clock finds it at its fullest, and at that hour, during the season, in no other chamber probably in Europe could so many men of varied distinction be seen at once. On a chair to the left of the settee generally sat Charles Greyville, the repository of State secrets, and Laurence Oliphant worked at a table opposite the south end.

is reckoned that on an average 215 votes are given in each instance: men of note and those with good *parrains* get considerably more, while those of whom nothing is known, or who possess merely negative qualities, or who have not many names on their "card," naturally have fewer. One black ball in ten excludes, and, as Archbishop Trench once remarked to the writer, "One never can be quite sure at the Athenæum, till the balls are counted and found sufficient." R. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) was the energetic supporter of anyone he thought deserving, and acted the part of sponsor more often, perhaps, than anybody. The last occasion on which I saw Robert Browning, the poet was busy helping a candidate in whom he was interested. He was standing at the head of the staircase; "Here I am," he called to me, holding out both his arms; "here I am, like a great spider, trying how many I can drag into my web!" One who was a brilliant smoking-room talker in former days had a somewhat ambiguous but extremely useful form of reply when asked to support a man whom he deemed undesirable—"My dear Sir," he used to say, "you may depend on me to do the right thing." It will be recollected that Hallam, Earl Stanhope, Milman, and (agreed for once!) Macaulay and Croker endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to "bring in" Thackeray as one of the nine of distinguished eminence elected annually by the committee. A letter of his to a friend on his rejection is worth quoting: "Thanks for your kind note. I was quite prepared for the issue of the kind effort made at the Athenæum in my behalf; indeed, as a satirical writer, I rather wonder that I have not made more enemies than I have. I don't mean enemies in a bad sense, but men conscientiously opposed to my style, art, opinions, impertinences, and so forth. There must be thousands of men to whom the practice of ridicule must be very offensive; doesn't one see such in society, or in one's

been the increase that it has quite overflowed the space originally allotted. Almost every place where shelves can be erected is occupied, and resort has often been had to the objectionable practice of putting volumes in a second row and packing them behind others. In 1889, however, a book-room was arranged upstairs with sufficient cases to provide for the overplus of some years to come.

Early in 1845 a catalogue was printed, Dr. S. R. Maitland and the librarian, Mr. Spencer Hall, giving much assistance. A supplement, with an index of subjects, was finished in 1851, and a list of additions appears annually. The present catalogue was arranged in 1859. Mr. Hall resigned his post in 1875, after forty-two years' service, and was made an honorary member. He was succeeded by Mr. H. R. Tedder, F.S.A., who on the reorganisation of the administration in 1889 became also secretary.

This is by far the finest and most important club library in the world, and forms one of the choicest collections of reference books to be found in England. All departments of literature are well represented by rare and valuable works, more particularly on history, topography, and archaeology. It is rich especially in sumptuously bound copies illustrating the fine arts, many of which (for example, those bequeathed by the Rev. Charles Turner and by Felix Slade) are enclosed in special cabinets.

In 1865, and again twenty years later, George Richmond, R.A., gave an extensive series of proof engravings of portraits (most of them representing members) by himself; these are preserved in a table-case. The library possesses also two volumes of likenesses of the founders, &c., published by McLean in 1836, and many additions to these have since been made. It may be remarked incidentally that in the sketches and groups by D. Maclise, R.A., and others, which appeared in *Fraser* between 1830 and 1838 we recognise the faces of no fewer than forty-five belonging to

the Athenæum. The collection of English pamphlets, which includes those brought together by Gibbon and Sir James Mackintosh, is one of the most complete ever made; it is catalogued and indexed, and is largely used. Over the fireplace once stood Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of George IV., and he was engaged in finishing the sword-knot and one of the orders on the breast a few hours before he died. The artist had intended to present this to the club, but his executors refused to part with it, and it was ultimately purchased. In 1858 it was handed over to the Corporation of Brighton. The library contains a terra-cotta bust of Doctor Johnson (a copy of that by Nollikens), the gift of Mr. Percy FitzGerald, and one of Pope by Rysbrach, bequeathed by E. L. Badeley.

It would be interesting to know how many books and articles have been written in the quietude of this fascinating room, which Mark Pattison thought "the most delightful place in the world—especially on a Sunday morning." Here, free from creditors and in comparative peace, Theodore Hook penned his novels. Here the many-tomed Lord Lytton, with hand pressed to his head or thrown theatrically out as if to catch the inspiration of the moment, would use stationery to a perhaps unjustifiable extent. Thackeray worked constantly, sitting in the south-west corner, near the books on English History; and Motley describes him writing here the very number of one of his stories due to the public in a few days. Frequently he left looking tired out and worried, and would complain of the difficulty he found in disposing of one or other of his characters, and declare that he knew what he was engaged on would fail. It was here Macaulay delivered his rhapsody on "Clarissa." "Not read 'Clarissa'!" he cried out to Thackeray. "If you have once read 'Clarissa' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season in the hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had 'Clarissa' with me, and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book; the Secretary waited for it; the Chief Justice could not read it for tears." "He acted the whole scene," Thackeray continues, "he paced up and down the Athenæum Library." Hallam studied deeply in this room, which owed much to his fostering care. Here Hayward would retire of an evening, and here, at the table on the north-west side, Bishop Wilberforce might often be seen exegitating far into the night his morrow's discourse, or methodically diminishing his pile of correspondence.

The lighting of the club seems in early days to have provoked much discussion. Many objected to the introduction of gas, especially into the dining-room, where (in spite of Parady's "Perfect Ventilation Apparatus") one complained it produced "in combination with the breathings of seventy or eighty gastronomers, and the vapours arising from the dinners they are eating, an atmosphere wherein no animal ungifted with copper lungs can long exist." In 1886 the electric light was introduced, with an installation worked by two gas-engines in the cellars. In 1888 it was proposed to enlarge the building by adding an extra storey, but on this, as on previous occasions, any extension of the premises was negatived. Considerable attention was drawn to the club in 1865, through the rejection of the Earl of Carnarvon's suggestion to contribute to the non-religious charities in St. James's parish, and many letters appeared in the *Times* in reference to the matter.

Space has compelled us to omit much which might be of interest, but in concluding we give a few additional details. From an analysis made by Mr. O'Byrne (author of the "Naval Biographical Dictionary") in 1889, and approximately correct now, the club appears to be constituted as follows:—Law: Judges, 58; Q.C.'s, 35; barristers, 215—total, 308. Divinity: Bishops, 36; clergy (including 19 dignitaries), 112—total, 148. Medicine: M.D.'s and surgeons, 82. Making a total for the three professions of 538. Universities: Oxford, 382; Cambridge, 339; Scotch, 65; Dublin, 49; London, 35—total, 870. Professors, 74; Societies, Fellows of (chiefly F.R.S.), 269; Royal Academicians, 32; civil engineers, 39; librarians, 5; naval officers, 10; military officers, 67; peers, 82; lords (sons of peers), 11; Privy Councillors, 110; honourables (31; baronets, 59; knights, titular, 131; M.P.'s, 59; esquires (including those without affix indicative of degrees, societies, &c.), 760—Total number, 1364. The maximum of ordinary members is 1200.

The present writer has printed for private circulation a book containing a record of all who have been members of the Athenæum from its foundation. Up to Dec. 31, 1892, these are found to amount to 4652. This, of course, does not include the many illustrious foreigners and colonists who have been invited to become honorary members during a residence in England. Deaths reach about one every week, and resignations one a month; this estimate is probably, however, slightly in excess of the average, which seems to give a total of fifty-four per annum from both sources.

Such, then, is the Athenæum. It is a club which has welcomed within its walls the most distinguished men of the century. Keeping true to the object for which it was instituted, it has preserved its distinctive character, and remains pre-eminently the literary club of the world. Exclusive in one sense it may be, but it is inclusive in another, for in it we discover none of the acerbities of "caste." Thither resort, day after day, men of intellect and of intellectual tastes, lovers and adherents of literature and art. The scientist, the poet, the philosopher, the traveller, the ambassador, the author, the artist, the theologian, the statesman, the highest members of the learned professions, and those most eminent in naval, military, and civil life, persons of all shades of political opinions, the nobleman, the man about town and the country gentleman, the stoic and the epicurean, meet here on a social equality elsewhere unattainable. Foreigners, such as the late M. Taine and M. Emile de Laveleye, have sung its praises. He was not so far wrong, perhaps, who laughingly declared that there were few mundane difficulties likely to present themselves which could not be solved *instantly* by some one of the members to be found between four and six o'clock within the confines of the Athenæum. FRANCIS GLEDSTANES WAUGH.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- A W (Tamworth).—We are pleased you have made a beginning, and although not successful this time, you must try again. As a rule, suspect all proposed solutions that have a check for first move.
- R K L (Teignmouth).—Most acceptable, and all the more valued because it comes from the loser.
- Dr F St (Camberwell).—(1) Thanks for your own care and trouble. The new position shall be considered. (2) We do not think it is the problem which is flawed.
- W F B.—Chess is strong throughout Sussex, and we know a good club exists at Hastings. Brighton is also well supplied in this respect.
- ASWELL.—Key-move on postcard will be sufficient, but in three-movers leading variations might be indicated.
- SORRENTO (Dawlish).—Your contribution shall receive our careful consideration.
- W P HIND.—If you knew how closely problems have to be examined you would not wonder at the delay. We hope to publish your problem shortly.
- E C (Pohemian Chess Club).—We shall always be glad to hear from you.
- F B SCHWANN.—The amended version has certainly not reached us; kindly submit it again.
- W P WILLIAMS.—If correct, your two-mover shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2531 received from O Balk (Yokohama); of No. 2536 from W Allnutt (Tasmania) and O Balk; of Nos. 2537 to 2539 from W Allnutt; of No. 2546 from F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2547 from an Old Lady (Waterson, U.S.A.); J W Shaw (Montreal), and F A Holloway; of No. 2549 from Ashwell, H Buttignoni (Trieste), J H Tamisier (Heppen), J Christie (Little Witcombe), and T Robeiro (Parada de Gonta); of No. 2550 from Ashwell, L Desanges, Vi (Turkey), R Ranoclaf, P H Mellett (Boston Spa), A H B, J D Tucker (Leeds), C M A B, M Salem (Trieste), W F C (Gloucester), Rev C G Wilkinson (Waresley), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2551 received from E E H, A Newman, W Guy, jun. (Johnstone), R H Brooks, W R Raillem, Alpha, W P Hind, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), L Desanges, J D Tucker (Leeds), F Fernando (Glasgow), E Bygott (Sandbach), F J Knight, T G Ware, Charles Burnett, Stirlings (Ramsgate), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H B Hurford, R Worters (Canterbury), J Twycross, Martin F, G T Hughes (Waterford), S B Tallantyre, Dawda, Joseph Willcock (Chester), H S Brandreth, Shadforth, J F Moon, W Wright, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), T Roberts, J Cond, Sorrento (Dawlish), C E Perugini, Victorino Aoz y del Frago, and P T Jennings.

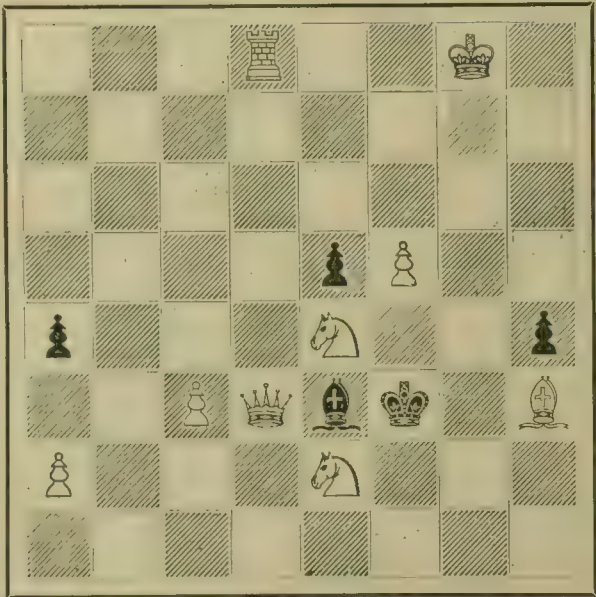
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2550.—By X. HAWKINS.

- WHITE.
1. R to Q sq
2. Mates accordingly.
- BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2553.

By J. F. MOON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN DUNDEE.

Game played between MESSRS. FRASER AND COMRIE.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. F.) | BLACK (Mr. C.) | WHITE (Mr. F.) | BLACK (Mr. C.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 26. R to K 3rd | B takes B |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | This exchange is not commendable. He ought to have brought his Rooks into play. | |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd | Q to R 5th (ch) | 27. R takes B | Q to K 3rd |
| 4. K to K 2nd | P to K Kt 4th | 28. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to K B 3rd |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | Q to K R 4th | 29. Q to K 2nd | P to K 5th |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P to Q 3rd | Too precipitate. Black would do better to secure a safe retreat for his King. | |
| 7. Q to Q 3rd | P to K R 3rd | 30. R to K 3rd | P to K B 4th |
| 8. Kt to Q 5th | | 31. Q to R 5th | |
| This move, as the sequel shows, occasions White a good deal of difficulty. It was obviously premature. | | | |
| 9. K to B 2nd | Kt to R 3rd | The continuation from this point is certainly lively, and on both sides the play is all that could be desired. | |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3rd | P to K 2nd | 32. B to R 3rd (ch) | Q to B 2nd |
| 11. B to K 2nd | Kt to K 2nd | 33. Q to R 2nd | K to K 3rd |
| 12. Q to Q sq | | 34. R to Q sq | R to Q B 3rd |
| Much valuable time has been lost during the last few moves, and Black's position is already preferable. | | | |
| 13. Kt to K 5th | Kt to Q B 2nd | 35. R to K 2nd | P to K R 4th |
| 14. P to K Kt 3rd | Q to R 5th (ch) | 36. R to Q 6th | Q to B 6th |
| 15. Kt to Q B 4th | Q to R 6th | 37. R to K 6th (ch) | K to B 2nd |
| 16. P takes P | P takes P (ch) | 38. R to K 7th (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| 17. P to Q 5th | P takes K | 39. Q to Q 6th | R to R 3rd |
| 18. Q Kt takes P | Q Kt takes Kt | Black gallantly struggles for a draw, but White's hold is too well secured to let the honours be divided. | |
| 19. P takes Kt | Q to B 4th (ch) | 40. Q to Q 6th (ch) | K to R sq |
| 20. B to B 3rd | B to K 4th | 41. B to Q 6th | R takes B |
| 21. R to K sq | | 42. Q takes R | Q to B 4th (ch) |
| Threatening to take off Bishop, and then fork K and Q by check at Q 6th. | | | |
| 22. P to K Kt 4th | K to B sq | 43. Q takes Q | R takes Q |
| 23. Kt takes B | P to B 3rd | 44. R to Q 2nd | R to B sq |
| 24. P to Q 6th | B takes Kt | 45. P to B 4th | P to K 5th |
| 25. P takes Kt (ch) | K takes P | 46. R to Q 6th | K to Kt sq |
| | | 47. R to Kt 6th (ch) | K to B sq |
| | | 48. R takes Q Kt P | P to B 5th |
| | | 49. R takes Kt P, and wins. | |

The Oxford and Cambridge University Clubs will play the City of London Club at the Guildhall Tavern on Tuesday, March 21, commencing at 7 p.m., when each University will be represented by ten players. The two Universities will play their annual match with each other (seven a side) at the British Chess Club on Friday, March 24.

The tournament at Simpson's was concluded on March 3. The result was a victory for Blackburne. Mason, Teichman, and Tinsley tied for the second and third places. Van Vliet and Bird were the unsuccessful competitors.

Under the title of the Chess Bohemians, a new club has been created at the historical house known as The Rose, Old Bailey, E.C. Between thirty and forty players assembled on Feb. 25 under the presidency of the well-known amateur Mr. Moriau, who in the course of a speech remarked that chess-players had long wished for a club where the game could be played on Saturday afternoons, and that this was one of the principal objects of the new venture. Mr. Moriau was unanimously elected president of the club, and Mr. Evan Creswell of the City of London Club hon. secretary. The committee consists of well-known players—namely, Messrs. Imbroy, H. C. Hill, Taitien, Liversage, J. F. Taylor, and Hamburger. The club meets on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m., and on Saturdays from 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. The chess room is large, and pleasant evenings will be spent here over the royal game.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Exquisite were the gowns that passed before the Queen at her Drawing-Room. No possibility of excess in splendour is admitted for these dresses; all that there is of gorgeousness in colour, of richness in fabric, of wealth in lace, of sheen in passementerie, and of softness in plumage is permitted, and the result is dress in its highest development of decorativeness and taste. The Countess of Aberdeen, who is one of those women who have learned the great lesson that goodness and dowdiness are not synonymous terms, wore one of the most handsome dresses. It was palest blue and buttercup yellow; the train was of yellow Duchesse satin, and it was lined with blue Irish poplin, which showed well as the train hung from the left shoulder, where it was fixed with trails of laburnum and yellow ostrich feathers. The skirt and bodice were of a delightful brocade, in pale blue and laburnum yellow, brightened with threads of gold, and the bodice was trimmed with the only really delicate lace that is made in Ireland—Limerick lace, which is as cobwebby as can be wished. A novelty was introduced by the Duchess of Leinster, who had a veil slightly embroidered with gold, instead of the absolutely plain tulle that is always worn. Her Grace's train was of pale-brown velvet, over a bodice and petticoat of that rich satin that is neither white nor cream, but full of lights and shades that seem, from some points, to tone to almost blue; it is called "Vandyke," after the great painter in whose pictures it is so often seen. This dress was everywhere bordered with sable, and was altogether regal-looking.

As usual, no dresses surpassed in taste and originality those of Messrs. Russell and Allen. They made the Countess of Drogheda her Court dress, with a dark-purple velvet train lined with silk of the same colour, and trimmed with a wide flounce of Brussels, laid zigzag on each side, so that the velvet was thoroughly draped thereby. The skirt and bodice were of a remarkable needlework, having a cut-out pattern of pale-yellow satin appliqué and raised on a grey silk ground, the effect being of the richest. There was a narrow band of purple velvet for a berthe, and, of course, very large sleeve-puffs—for, as I mentioned at an earlier date, all the new dresses of any style, for evening wear, have these puffed sleeves, and Court dresses are influenced in such matters by the prevailing fashion for full dress. Another dress in the same "studio" was that of Madame Farias, the wife of the Mexican Minister, whose train was of the rich dark shade of heliotrope that in velvet is shown to perfection, lined with mauve silk; the bodice was made with huge revers of silk covered with gold embroidery, and standing out so wide on each side of the square décolletage as almost to cover the big puff of the sleeves. The petticoat was in mauve silk, trimmed with a series of flat bands of gold passementerie, each topped with an insertion of lace about two inches wide. Very effectively arranged and brilliant in effect was Mrs. Claude Ponsonby's combination of bright pink plain silk and pale-blue brocade. The bodice and petticoat of pink were made in one, Princess fashion; the centre of the bodice covered with lace, which was draped from the bust to the hip, while the train of the blue brocade, as well as the berthe and skirt, were decorated with large pink roses and their appropriate foliage. Turquoises and diamonds were worn with this gown, and Mrs. Claude went in company with her mother-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley Ponsonby, whose dark heliotrope velvet and paler violet silk was an appropriately quiet costume to contrast with the brightness of the younger lady's costume.

A lace-edged net veil was arranged with much skill as the draped front of a white satin Duchesse bodice and petticoat; the centre of the veil made a clear drapery, scarce hiding the satin, which shone through the flimsy folds; and the deep lace edges were caught to form the berthe, draped down one side of the bodice, drawn into a graceful cluster with white feathers on the left hip, and continued to the foot of the skirt down each of its sides. This bodice and petticoat were necessarily all in one and fastened down the back. The train was of exquisite brocade in pale yellow, lined with oneline silk of the same shade; and a deep Empire belt of the yellow brocade encircled the waist and broke the monotony of the white satin and lace draperies. Almost equally light and flowing in general effect was a dress with a front of muslin embroidered in bands at graduated intervals up to near the waist in a Greek key design with gold; the train was of palest green satin. A gown that would pick itself out in the midst of any number of other lovely things was of a magnificent brocade of a bright pink, the pattern of magnolia blossoms in almost the same tone as the ground. This superb train was lined with the same colour, and accompanied by a bodice and petticoat of white bengaline, much trimmed with gold passementerie, made in vandykes. On the bodice these vandykes were placed so as to form a sort of zouave, and others fell over the heading of a deep-gathered flounce of fine white Duchesse lace that footed the petticoat.

How distinguished the plainer tints can look was fully exemplified, many ladies wearing black or half-mourning. Lady Rookwood's dress of black satin was trimmed with beautiful white Irish lace appliqué on black, and her black velvet train, lined with grey, was adorned with similar trimming. A gown that was all grey, of the sombre steel tone, was lit up with a very little pale heliotrope, hardly visible in detail and yet serving to enliven the general effect. The heliotrope appeared only as a few folds among the drooping laces that formed the berthe, and as a lining barely peeping out as the wearer walked from a loose-edged panel at the left side of the skirt. The divided mind of fashion on some points was illustrated in the various gowns. For one thing, the doubt as to whether skirts are to be trimmed along the seams from foot to waist, or in precisely the reverse way, like barrels with their hoops, was shown forth; perhaps there were as many trimmed in the one as the other style. Again, huge square revers, almost covering the full sleeves from the front, were seen on some gowns, while others struggled to be drooping altogether in the matter of berthe and décolletage edging. We may take it that the actual Empire style has run its brief course; the waist under the arms and the loose falling drapery thence, with the skirt clinging to the figure in a way that suited very few, was not seen in any first-class Court gowns.

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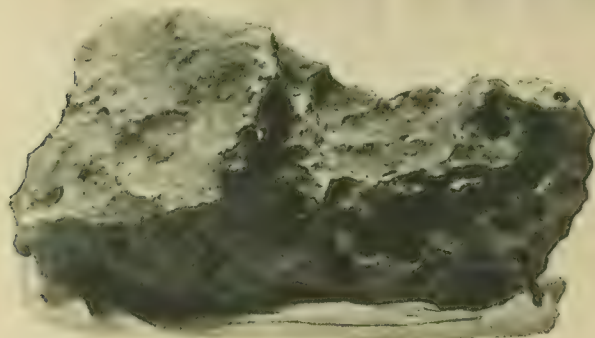


Chest of 100 lb.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Subjoined my readers will find an illustration of a large meteorite, the original being 4 ft. 2 in. long, 2 ft. 3 in. wide, and 20 in. thick. The weight was 2044 lb., or 18½ cwt. It is in the possession of Mr. J. R. Gregory, of 88, Charlotte



METEORITE RECENTLY BROUGHT TO EUROPE.

Street, W., is the second largest ever brought to Europe, and seems to be a very perfect example of its kind. Mr. Gregory, I find, also described in *Nature* of November last a large meteorite from Western Australia, found in 1884, which consisted of four pieces, weighing respectively 25½ lb., 24 lb., 17½ lb., and 6 lb. Of these, the largest and smallest fragments are in the British Museum, while the 24-lb. specimen was deposited in the Freemantle Museum, the other piece being presented to the Museum at Melbourne. A new specimen in Mr. Gregory's possession, discovered in 1891, weighs 383½ lb. and measures 22½ in. high, 20½ in. wide, and 13½ in. in greatest thickness. A number of holes indent the mass, while fractured surfaces are also to be seen, looking, Mr. Gregory remarks, "as if, in its fall, a mass or masses were broken off." The Western Australian specimen was analysed by Mr. Fletcher, and the iron was found to contain a new form of carbon mineral to which the name "Cliftonite" has been given. Similar crystals of this substance, Mr. Gregory adds, are found in one or two other meteoric irons. The meteorite of Western Australia contained 92.67 per cent. of iron, while of nickel there was present 6.46 per cent., and traces of cobalt, copper, magnesium, phosphorus, and sulphur.

These "falling stars" have always been regarded with deep interest by mankind, and we possess many notable records of their advent to add to the substance of the earth. As early as B.C. 644, Chinese records relate that stones fell from the sky, and Plutarch and Livy discourse of the meteorites which fell in 705 B.C. and 652 B.C. respectively. In Thrace a notable meteorite came down in 466 B.C. The famous "Diana of the Ephesians" was probably itself a meteoric stone. In our own day, or at least in very recent times, historically speaking, many examples of meteoric falls are recorded. Thus, in Hungary, in 1866, an aërolite

weighing 6 cwt. fell, while upwards of a thousand additional fragments were also discharged. The meteors, rushing through the sky at the rate of thirty miles per second, soon engender an intense degree of heat, hence they become luminous, and many are burnt out, while a few last till they reach the earth, and present us with the veritable "stones from the sky" which are familiar to us in our geological museums. Aug. 10 and Nov. 11 are the two periods of the year when we get bombarded by meteorites. The falling star suggests also to astronomers and physicists, it need hardly be said, ideas regarding the chemical composition of "other worlds than ours." The meteor's elements are really the same as those whereof Mother Earth is composed. Thus is suggested the identity in composition of all the planets, sun included, for it is only hydrogen gas after all, which, blazing in the sun, gives us light and heat, and keeps up the whole round of vitality. This is in itself a pregnant thought, that of the unity of worlds, and it is one which probably testifies more powerfully than any other to the evolution of planets from some common order. This, indeed, is the direction of modern astronomical science, and the "stones from the sky" are not by any means the most trivial examples of facts which in themselves testify to the correctness of the astronomer's thought.

The germ theory seems to have broken out in a new phase. It is now suggested from a Continental source that danger of disease may be incurred by bathing in polluted water. It seems that typhoid fever associated with jaundice broke out in the garrison stationed at Altona, and the epidemic was attributed to the practice of bathing in the Elbe. At the period in question (1888) the Elbe was in a high state of pollution. Recently a similar study has been undertaken at Ulm among the soldiers. The military bathing-place, it seems, is situated below the point where the foul and polluted river Blau joins the Danube. Before the Blau reaches Ulm, it is contaminated with sewage matters; a village called Söflingen sending its waste into the stream. Fowls dying of a mysterious disease at Söflingen were thrown into the river, and on examining the dead bodies of these birds a germ was constantly found which resembled in all essential particulars the microbe found in the jaundiced and typhoid-stricken soldiery of Ulm. In a special experiment, some of the water of the Blau, mixed with sterilised broth, was used to inoculate mice. The mice died in sixteen hours, and in their bodies was found the microbe which had been discovered in the cases of jaundice and in the diseased fowls which had been disposed of in the river. I suppose the microbes were swallowed by the soldiery, and gave rise to the disease in question in the usual fashion; but it is interesting to discover that the jaundice symptoms are apparently due to the action of a specific microbe. The lesson we learn from this research is the importance of bathing in pure and uncontaminated water. Possibly this hint may not be thrown away on proprietors or managers of public swimming baths, in which the water, I fear, is often allowed to remain too long unchanged.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Professor Sanday's first Bampton lecture has been received with enthusiasm, and gives promise of a permanent contribution to theology. From a syllabus of the lectures which I have received, I gather that Dr. Sanday will not take a very pronounced position on the New Criticism. He seems rather to take the view that there will be some movement at least towards the older criticism—an opinion from which the Old Testament critics themselves will, as a rule, strongly dissent.

The Archbishop of York has offered to contribute £1000 a year to increase the incomes of some of the poorest benefices in his diocese. His contribution will not continue more than three years, and it must be met by corresponding contributions from parishioners or laity.

Bishop Wilkinson has accepted the bishopric of St. Andrews. Whatever opposition there may have been to his election, all those who know him confidently anticipate that if he has a fair measure of health he will soon show himself the most influential of Scottish Episcopalians.

Mr. Ffoulkes, of St. Mary's, Oxford, whose activities are well known, is sending a petition against the New Criticism to the parochial clergy, asking them to secure the signatures of the parishioners of both sexes. He charges the new critics with attempting entirely to rob the people of God of the Holy Scriptures, and names the Bishop of Ripon, Professor Ryle, the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. Gore, the Bishop of Southwell, Dr. Driver, &c. One of them, at least, he charges with "monstrous open blasphemy."

Two theological books of very great importance have appeared this week. One is on "Christ and Modern Theology," by Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford; the other on "The Church in the Roman Empire," by Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen. Professor Ramsay, who is by far the first authority on his subject, has been elected a member of the Athenæum Club without ballot.

The Welsh Suspensory Bill is well received by Nonconformists in Wales, who point with special satisfaction to the limit of time fixed—namely, Aug. 1, 1894. This means that it is expected that the Disestablishment Bill will be carried through by then. Even if the Suspensory Bill is rejected by the House of Lords, it is said that the Liberals will decline to compensate any Welsh clergy appointed after the date of its passing through the House of Commons. Churchmen are bestirring themselves to some extent, but, so far as England is concerned, less enthusiastically than might be expected, many apparently holding that the disestablishment of the Welsh Church will strengthen the English Church, and that interference on the part of English members to prevent the will of the Welsh being carried out will lead to reprisals by the Welsh when the English question comes to the front. There is no reason, however, to believe that these views are shared by the Bishops. They protest with great unanimity and decision against the whole movement, on the ground that Wales is an integral part of England and cannot be treated separately.

A fund is being raised in the diocese of Winchester to establish a mission-house in Rangoon.

V.

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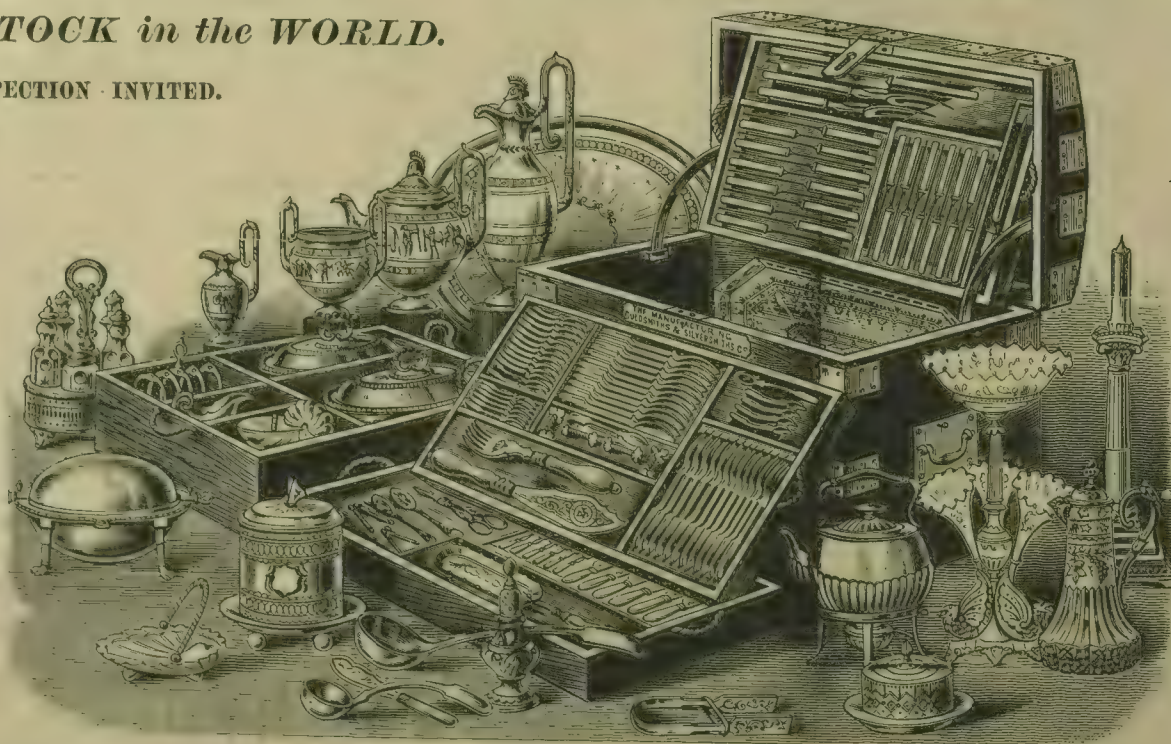
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12 Dessert-Spoons	1 Soup-Ladle	1 Asparagus-Tongs	12 Fish-Knives	2 Pairs Knife-Rests
12 Tea-Spoons	2 Sauce-Ladles	1 Cheese-Scoop	12 Fish-Forks	Tea and Coffee Set
6 Egg-Spoons	2 Gravy-Spoons	1 Grape-Scissors	1 Pair Fish-Carvers	Coffee-Tray
4 Salt-Spoons	1 Butter-Knife	1 Crumb-Scoop	18 Dinner-Knives	Kettle and Stand
1 Cruet-Frame	1 Mustard-Spoon	2 Pairs Nut-Cracks	12 Cheese-Knives	Round Waiter
2 Entrée-Dishes	1 Jelly-Dish	1 Butter-Cooler	1 Biscuit-Box	1 Claret-Jug
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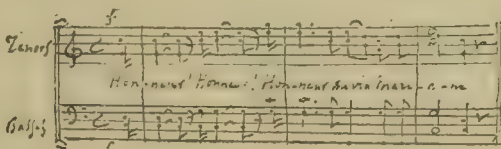
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Best Gold Brooch, set with 2 Brilliants, 50s., or with 2 Pearls, 42s.

New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace, for above, £5 5s.

New Scarf Pin, Stones set transparent, Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.

New Double Heart Brooch, containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent £5 5s.

New Bracelet, £10 10s., set with 1 Ruby and Sapphire, and with 6 fine Brilliants, a fine whole Pearl.

New Bangle, all Brilliants, Pearl Centre, New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch, in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.

Best Gold Pendant, set with Pearl or Ruby, 21s.; or Brilliants, 32s. 6d. Bracelet to match, with Ruby, £3 15s.; or Brilliants, £4 4s.

New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.

Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants, no Roses, forms also Brooch or Hairpin. Stones set transparent, £17 15s.

5 Rubies and 5 Brilliants, or 5 Sapphires and 5 Brilliants, set chessboard style, mounted in 18 carat Gold. Stones set transparent, £10 10s.

Necklace with centre Stone, Size 21, properly graduated, £100. Size 20, £80. Size 19, £60. Size 18, £50. Size 17, £40. Size 16, £30. Size 15, £20. Size 14, £15. Size 13, £10. Size 12, £8. Size 11, £6. Size 10, £5. Size 9, £4. Size 8, £3. Size 7, £2. Size 6, £1. Size 5, £1. Size 4, £1. Size 3, £1. Size 2, £1.

New Cluster Ring, containing 3 Brilliants and 1 Ruby or Sapphire, £3 15s.

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OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD, BART.

Sir Charles Clifford, of Flaxbourne, in the province of Marlborough, in the colony of New Zealand, first baronet, died on Feb. 27. He was a son of Mr. G. L. Clifford, and was born Jan. 1, 1813. He married, Jan. 13, 1847, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. John Hervey, of Cruchfield House, Berks. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives, New Zealand, 1853-60, and was knighted in 1858. He was created a baronet in 1887. He is succeeded by his eldest son, George Hugh Charles, who was born Oct. 10, 1847. The new Baronet married, first, Mary, daughter of Sir John Lawson, Bart., of Brough Hall; secondly, in 1884, Janet, daughter of Mr. James Burnett, of Nelson, New Zealand (she died Aug. 3, 1885); and, thirdly, a daughter of the Rev. George Dennis.

SIR HENRY FLOWER EVERY, BART.

Sir Henry Flower Every, of Egginton, in the county of Derby, D.L., tenth baronet, died on Feb. 26. He was born Dec. 25, 1830, and married, first, Feb. 8, 1855, Gertrude, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothsley Noel, who died in 1858; and secondly, Oct. 12, 1859, Mary Isabella, daughter of the Rev. Edmund Holland, of Benhall Lodge, Saxmundham. He succeeded his grandfather in the baronetcy in 1855. He was High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1863, and had acted for some time as Vice-Chairman of the Derbyshire County Council. He is succeeded by his grandson, Edward Oswald, eldest son of the late Captain Henry Edmund Every, of the South Wales Borderers, who was born Jan. 14, 1886.

SIR THOMAS ARCHER COLT, BART.

Sir Thomas Archer Colt, of Leominster, in the county of Hereford, M.D., seventh baronet, died on Feb. 26. He was born in 1816, and, entering the medical profession, he took his degree at Glasgow University in 1840. He married in 1849 Frances, youngest daughter of Mr. Elias Chadwick, of Swinton Hall, Lancashire. She died March 31, 1892. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, the Rev. Edward Harry Dutton Colt, M.A., rector of Monkekehampton, Devon, who was born Oct. 3, 1850, and who married, Sept. 4, 1889, Alice, daughter of Mr. W. J. Strange, of Mill House, Sulhamstead, Berks.

SIR WALTER GEORGE NUGENT, BART.

Sir Walter George Nugent, of Donore, county Westmeath, second baronet, died at Bournemouth on Feb. 27. He was born Jan. 23, 1827, and married July 19, 1860, Maria More, only daughter of the Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall. He was formerly captain in the 33rd Foot, serving through the Crimean War. He was a magistrate for county Westmeath, and was High Sheriff in 1869 and 1873. He was High Sheriff of county Longford in 1862. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1874. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Percy Thomas, who was born June 11, 1861.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Professor W. Minto, on March 1, aged forty-seven.

Cardinal Place, Archbishop of Rennes, on March 3.

Dr. James Anderson, a distinguished physician, on Feb. 28, aged forty.

Mr. Sidney Naylor, a most able accompanist, for many

years familiar to frequenters of London concerts, on March 4, aged fifty-one.

Elizabeth, Lady Ashtown, widow of the second Baron Ashtown, aged eighty.

Mrs. Alfred Watkin, sister-in-law of Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., on Feb. 27.

Madame Jules Grévy, widow of the late French President, on March 1, aged eighty.

Mr. Frederick Baines, J.P., senior proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, on Feb. 27, aged eighty-two.

The Rev. J. Masson, the oldest Scottish Congregational minister, aged eighty-six.

M. Taine, the French historian, on March 5, aged sixty-four.

General Sir Henry Bates, K.C.B., formerly a member of the Army Purchase Commission, on March 2, aged eighty.

Mr. Thomas Walker, who was Liberal candidate for the Blackpool Division of Lancashire at the last General Election, aged thirty-nine.

A great fire in a timber-yard and sawmills took place on March 2 on the premises of Messrs. R. Darell and Co., Globe Wharf, on the Regent's Canal, Mile-End Road. An immense store of valuable timber was destroyed with all the buildings.

The winding-up of the House Investors' Corporation (Limited Liability Company) has proceeded to the appointment of the Official Receiver as liquidator: the statement of accounts shows liabilities to the amount of £106,249, estimated assets only £968, and a deficiency of £68,000 due from the contributors. This company was paying dividends of five, seven, and nine per cent. out of its capital.

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"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application."

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude."

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the Sheffield Telegraph. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 12 miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

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A Blackheath Harrier writes—"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

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From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

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CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskellia, Ceylon, writes—"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

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A. F. GARDNER, Esq. (A.A.A.; L.A.C. Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes—

"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

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From the Jackey Wonders, Oxford Music-Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

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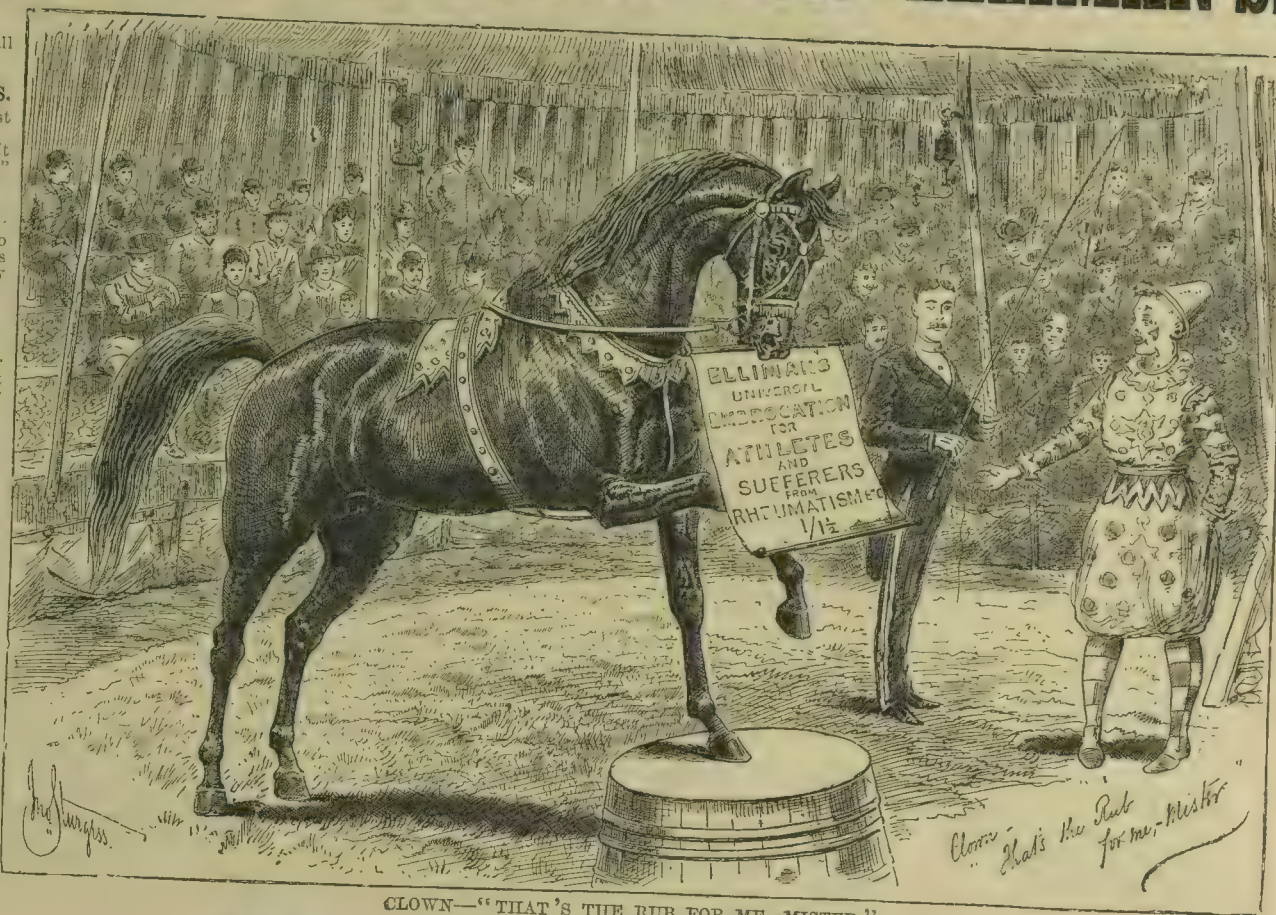
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



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Schwedt a/O., Germany.

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"I beg to inform you that the Royal Embrocation has been very efficacious by using it for the horses of my regiment, and I beg you to send again twenty-five bottles."

Lieut.-Colonel V. BLUMENTHAL, "2nd Dragoon Regiment."

Tandem Stables, Evanston, U.S.A.

"April 6, 1890.

"It is with great pleasure I certify to the quality of your Embrocation. I have used it with success when other remedies failed, and I am never without it."

"R. J. STEPHENSON."

Mr. Cyril Jephson, New Zealand, writes—

"As secretary of the County Hunt Club of Ashburton, Canterbury, New Zealand, I send you this testimonial. Your Embrocation has proved better than any I have ever used—in fact, no stable is complete without it for wounds, strains, and bruises."

Mr. H. Nurse, Blackwater, near Riverton, Southland, New Zealand, writes—

"I can testify to the efficacy of your Embrocation, having used it on our stock for many years."

Mr. Thomas Lynett, Elderslie Street, Winton, Queensland, writes—

"May 27, 1890.

"We use in the racing stables, and I sell in my store, a quantity of your Embrocation."

Mr. W. F. Rorke, Groot Vlakke, District Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes—

"May 13, 1890.

"I find your Embrocation most useful for rheumatism in horses."

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"AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1892) of the Right Hon. William Frederick, Baron Stratheden and Campbell, late of 17, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, and Hartrigg House, Roxburghshire, who died on Jan. 21, at Tooting, was proved on March 1 by Hallyburton George, Lord Stratheden and Campbell, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £215,000. The testator directs an annuity of £100 to be provided for the Central London Rangers on the appointment of the next lieutenant-colonel; and he gives an annuity of £150 to Cecil Cowper; £50 to each servant in his household; and the residue of his real and personal estate, after payment of the charges relative to the publications thereafter directed and the completion of the monuments at Jedburgh to their parents ordered by him, to his successor in the peerage. The control of his Bill on smoke abatement, "which has been sanctioned by the House of Lords, and gone since through accurate revision," he ventures to leave to the Duke of Westminster and his coadjutors. He states that the Hon. Francis Lawley and Mr. Cecil Cowper are engaged to publish a volume of his speeches on the Eastern Question ranging from 1871 to 1891, a course suggested to him some years ago by the late Lord Amphil. Mr. Lawley and Mr. Cowper are requested to produce or print or abandon, as they may think proper, his sketches of 1688 and 1832, in possession of the latter gentleman; and he leaves at their disposal his papers and correspondence.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated May 19, 1891) of Mr. Robert Scott, of 8, Crown Circus, Dowanhill, Glasgow, who died on Jan. 16, granted to Mrs. Mary Miller or Scott, the widow, and Robert Scott, William Robert Scott, and John Alexander Scott, the sons, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £152,000.

The will (dated May 6, 1892) of Mr. Alexander Charles Barclay, late of 25, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, and Seraptoft Hall, Leicestershire, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 27 by Robert William Barclay, the brother, Harry David Barclay, the nephew, and James William Baillie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £140,000. The testator leaves his share in the partnership business of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., including his capital, but excluding his "note account," if he shall not have in his (testator's) lifetime succeeded to the share therein of his brother Hedworth Trelawney Barclay, his freehold estate at Beeby, Leicestershire, and his leasehold property, Seraptoft Hall, with all the furniture and effects, crops, and farming stock, to his nephew Harry David Barclay; his leasehold residence in Bolton Street, with the furniture and effects, to his brother, Robert William Barclay; and numerous legacies and gifts to other of his relatives, servants, and others. As to his "note account," he bequeaths £25,000 part thereof, upon trust, for his said brother, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue, as he shall appoint; and £50,000, the

remainder thereof, subject to the payment of annuities to his sister, Miss Elizabeth Ann Barclay, and to Edith Norton, upon trust, for his said brother, for life, and then for his nephew Reginald Barclay, absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said brother and his nephews, Harry David and Reginald, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1884), with two codicils (dated Nov. 8, 1887, and Nov. 29, 1892), of Mr. Henry Louis Cohen, late of 2, Cleveland Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 24 by Mrs. Ellen Cohen, the widow, Joseph de Castro, Francis Alfred Lucas, and Albert Henry Jessel, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £127,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife for distribution among charitable institutions or deserving persons; £50 to the London Hospital, Whitechapel; £30 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £25 to the Rev. Daniel Moore, or the vicar for the time, of Holy Trinity, Paddington, for distribution among the deserving poor of the parish; £20 each to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, the London Orphan Asylum, and the Infant Orphan Asylum; and many legacies to Jewish charities and institutions. He also gives 2, Cleveland Terrace, all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, china, wines, consumable stores, effects, horses and carriages, and £3000 to his wife; and numerous legacies to relatives, servants, and others. He confirms his marriage settlement and declares that the provision made for his wife is in addition to what she will receive under the settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his nephews and nieces, including Edith Miriam Castello, Beatrice Sarah de Castro, Ellen de Castro, and Abraham Rodrigues Brandon Abecasis, the husband of his late niece, Florence Deborah de Castro.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1891) of Miss Isabella Watson-Taylor, late of the Manor House, Headington, Oxfordshire, who died on Dec. 18, at Erlestoke Park, Wilts, was proved on Feb. 14 by Simon Watson-Taylor, the brother, and the Hon. Alan de Tatton Egerton, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5748 North-Eastern Railway Consols to her nephews John Arthur and William Arthur, in addition to other legacies to them; certain diamonds, jewellery, china, and a picture of Erlestoke, by Clarkson Stanfield, to her nephew, George Simon Arthur Watson-Taylor; her library of Catholic literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock at Headington, to her nephew Arthur Wellesley; and numerous and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and servants. She devises her freehold property at Headington and gives the residue of her real and personal estate to her said nephew Arthur Wellesley.

The Irish probate of the will (dated May 30, 1892), with a codicil (dated Oct. 31 following), of Miss Selina Crampton, late of Bushey Park, Enniskerry, county Wicklow, who died on Jan. 3, granted to Henry Lorenzo

Jephson, the nephew, and Philip Elwes, the grandnephew, the executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £42,000. The testatrix gives legacies to nieces, grandnieces, nephew, grandnephews, and others, and appoints her niece Mrs. Philippa Boyle residuary devisee and legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1884) of Mr. John Carr, late of 40, Bloomsbury Square, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 14 by Mrs. Mary Ann Carr, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects, real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1880) of Mr. Thomas John Buckland, formerly of Redhill, Surrey, and late of Bourne Hill House, St. Stephen's, St. Albans, Herts, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 15 by William Hands and Walter Justice, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator, after making some bequests to his sister-in-law Virginie Lenoir, and to his executors, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, Emilie Caroline Angélique Buckland, during widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again £300 per annum, and, subject thereto, for his children, and, in default of children, for his brothers and sisters.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1889) of Mr. Montagu Stephen Williams, Q.C., was proved on Feb. 27 by Charles Willie Mathews, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator gives £5000 to Harriette, Lady Lawson (wife of Sir Edward Lawson, Bart.), "in grateful consideration of the great kindness shown to me during my illness and recovery"; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his daughter, Mrs. Jessica Mary Stewart Richardson.

Mr. Gore has arranged to hold a three-days retreat of clergy at Keble College, Oxford, during the early part of July, by permission of the Warden.

The case for the prosecution of William Barker, brother of the late Hilton Barker, who shot himself in a railway carriage at Putney during the magisterial inquiry at the Mansion House concerning the fraudulent dealings of "Barker's Bank," Mark Lane, has been withdrawn by order of the Treasury, and William Barker has been discharged.

The annual report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting for the Army and Militia shows that the number enlisted for the Army in the year 1892 was 41,659, whereas the number in 1891 was 36,003; the number of Militia recruits was 44,799. The total of the Army, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, on Jan. 1 was 209,283, more than 6000 over the year before. It appears that 15,659 men joined the Army from the Militia, and 2336 from the Volunteers. The number enrolled in the Militia is 102,032. The strength of the first-class Army Reserve is 76,595, and that of the Militia Reserve 30,417.

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MUSIC.

The performance of Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony at St. James's Hall on March 2 was a great feather in the cap of Mr. Henschel and his forces. There were, indeed, several causes for congratulation, not alone in the achievement itself, but in the circumstances under which it took place. The crowded state of the room, the fact that the London Symphony Concerts are tardily earning their just and proper measure of public support, the evident popularity of a great work that was once "caviare to the general," the ability of the choir as well as the orchestra to bear a worthy share in the interpretation of this most exacting masterpiece; and, finally, the admirable reading by which Mr. Henschel showed himself to have grasped the true spirit of the master's intentions—all these were matters for the well-wishers of the art to rejoice over. Our meaning will be understood, therefore, if we say that we do not desire to enter into an elaborate criticism of the whole performance, or to point out the few blemishes in the vocal portions of the finale that must have been obvious to the cultivated listener. The former task would yield little

that could detract from the merit of the players or their conductor, and the latter would certainly not be worth while in view of the obstacles that Beethoven's tyrannical genius has here placed in the way of ordinary human voices. Whilst our English pitch remains where it is, a perfect rendering of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," as set to music by Ludwig van Beethoven, may be looked for in vain. The only real mistake made by Mr. Henschel at this concert was putting Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony into the programme as a sort of *lever du rideau*. It was not wanted for that purpose, anyhow, and we do not believe that it drew an extra shilling to St. James's Hall on this particular occasion.

The new concert-overture by Mr. Marshall Hall, which headed the Crystal Palace programme on March 4, has the fault of being a trifle rhapsodical, but it is a work of talent and deserves to attain the honour of more than a single hearing. Mr. Marshall Hall is the clever and lucky individual who holds the "Ormonde" Chair of Music at the Melbourne University, with its comfortable income of £1000 a year, and apparently he has written this overture since he took up his residence in the Antipodes, since the manuscript was sent thence and accompanied by a letter to

his brother, in which he endeavoured to explain the meaning of his various themes. The young composer would have done better had he spared himself the trouble of sending this elucidatory epistle. None was needed, and, as a matter of fact, his "mottos" are calculated rather to puzzle than to assist the perceptive faculties of the hearer. A composition which has not an actual "programme" should be left to tell its own tale, and it is, perhaps, only an additional proof of Mr. Marshall Hall's fondness for Wagner that he seeks to apply a definite psychological meaning to what is to all intents and purposes abstract music. In any case he will be gratified to learn that his overture received a thoroughly intelligent and intelligible rendering and a no less spontaneous and hearty reception. At the same concert M. Slivinski made his debut at the Crystal Palace, and delighted his critical audience by a charming performance of Chopin's concerto in E minor. The Polish pianist elected to use Tausig's version of the work, but to what extent that contributed to the success of his achievement we were unable to perceive. In future he will, perhaps, do as well to bear in mind that English amateurs like Chopin sufficiently to prefer his music in its original and unadulterated form.

DEATH.

On March 2, at 39, York Terrace, Regent's Park, John Henry Plowes, in his eighty-second year.

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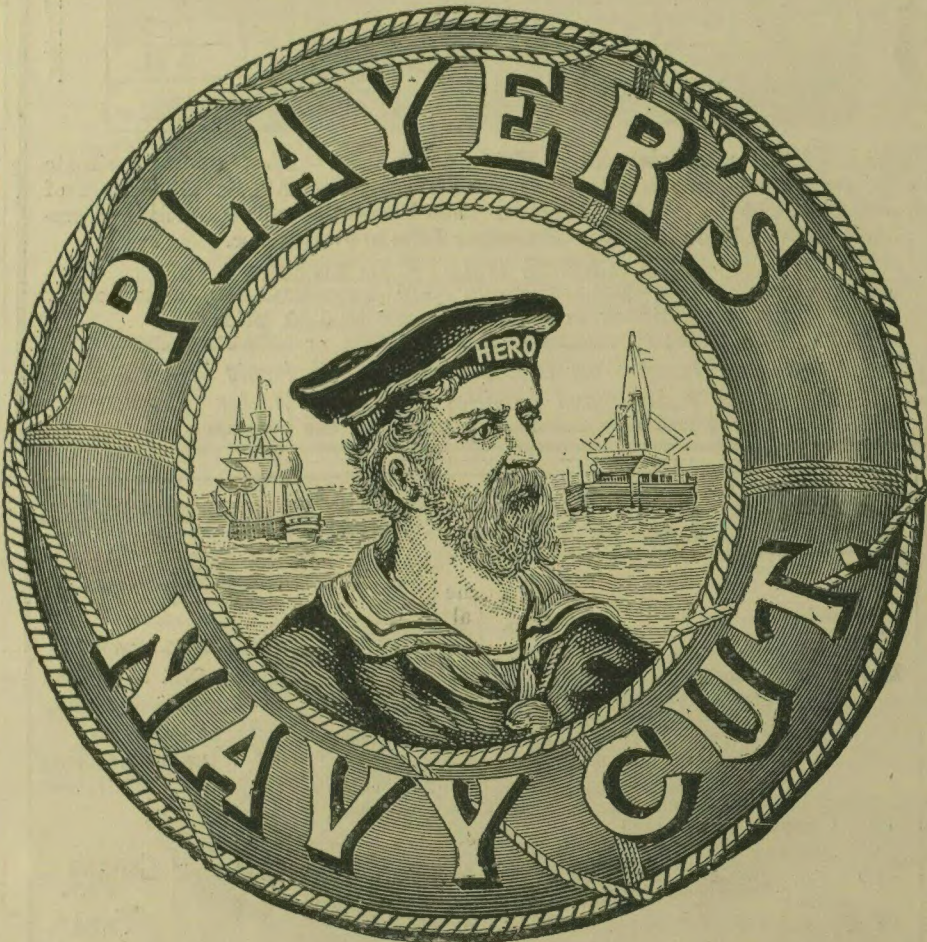
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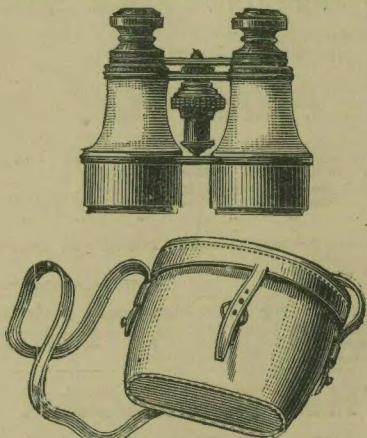
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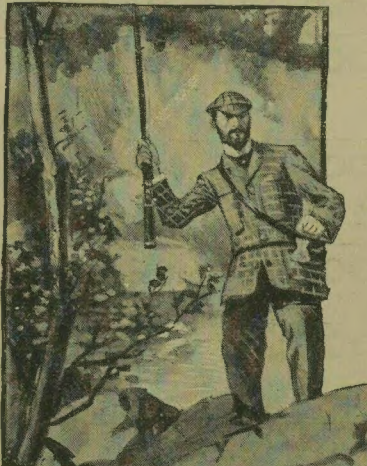
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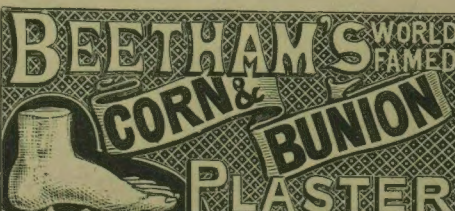
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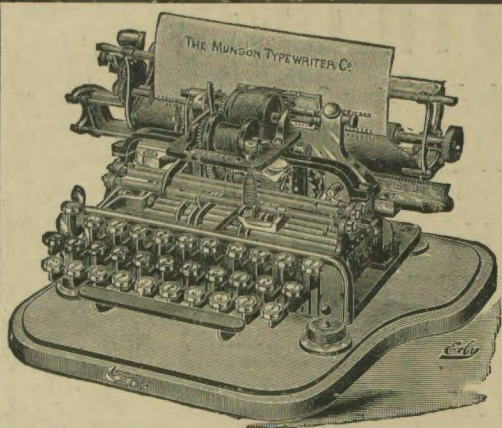
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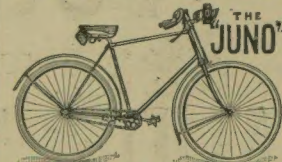
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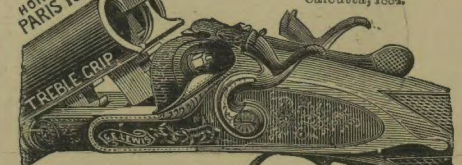
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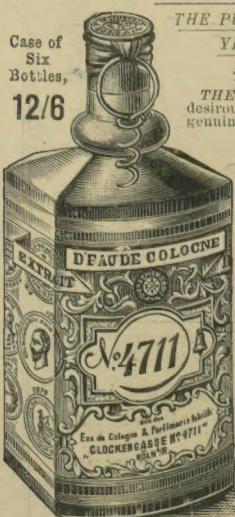
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